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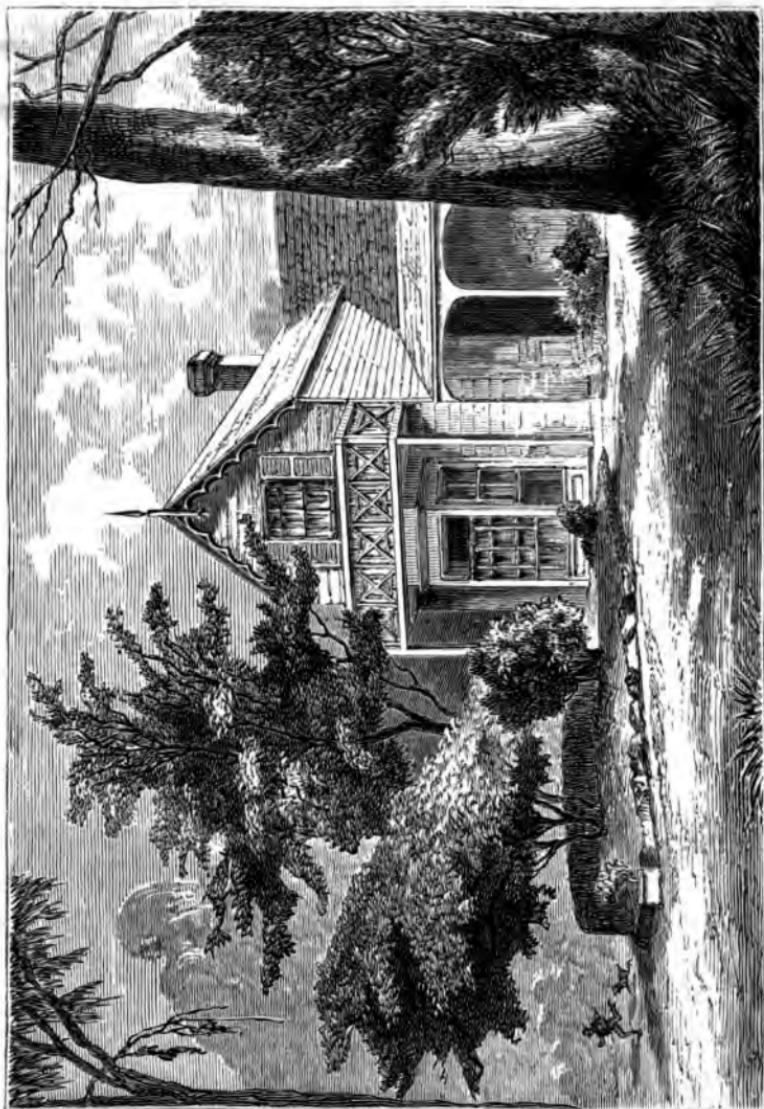
RAYS FROM THE SOUTHERN CROSS



RAY'S FROM
THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



RAY'S FROM
THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



HAWTHORNDEN, HOWICK, NEW ZEALAND.

RAY'S FROM THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY
GEORGIANA PEACOCK.

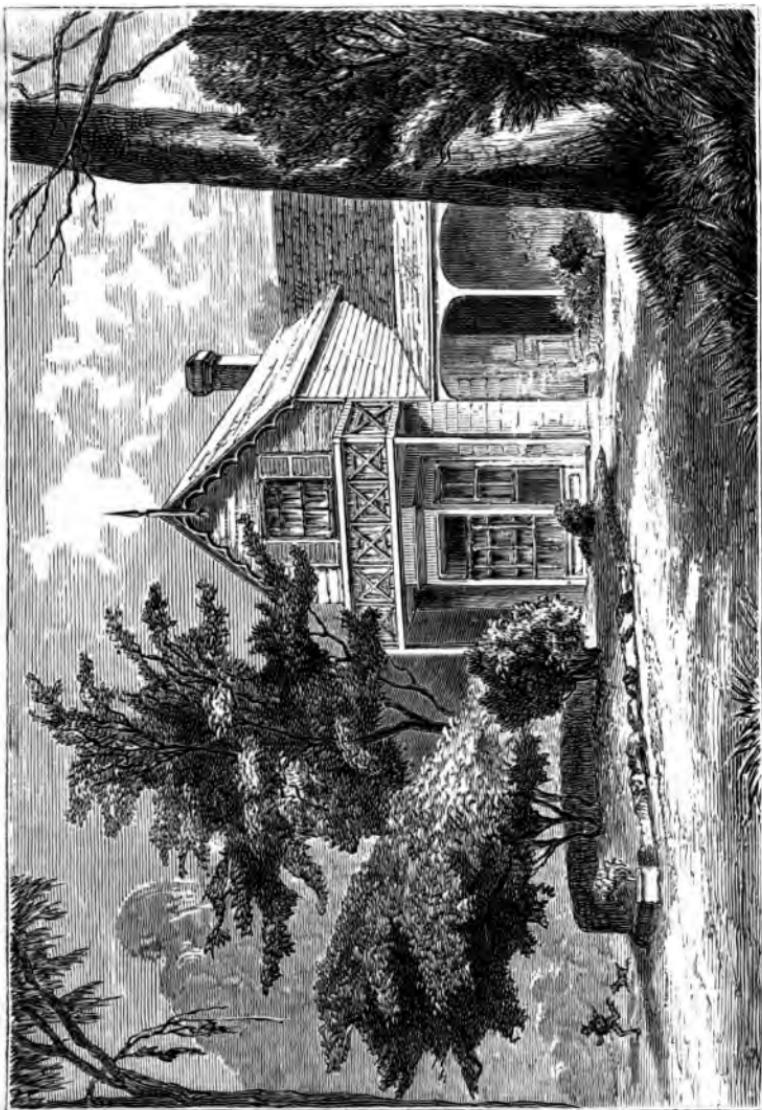
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE REV. PHILIP WALSH.



HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

1830.





RAY'S FROM THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY
GEORGIANA PEACOCKE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE REV. PHILIP WALSH.



HENRY S. KING & Co., LONDON.

1876.

280 j. 510

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D E D I C A T I O N .

To the dear memory of a father's love,
These lines, inscribed in sad and fond remembrance,
Bear their poor testimony ;—poor, indeed,
For that the heart, though overcharged with sorrow,
Shrinks from unfolding to the public gaze
The innermost recesses of its pain.
And fain would she who writes, e'en while inscribing
These simple lines, in loving reverence,
To that dear name and memory, yet veil
The deepest depths, the holiest mysteries
Of love and grief that stir her heart at thought
Of him, whose gentle influence first trained
Her girlhood's steps in learning's ways, and led her,
By his wise, faithful counsels, in all things
To seek the pure, the beautiful and true :
Whose simple guileless heart and generous nature,
Combined with intellect high, rich, and rare,—
A manly spirit, upright, firm and just,—
Have left a name, honoured and reverenced
By all who knew him ; and to us, his children,

A fond, undying memory, a sense
Of loss, utter and irretrievable.
For he is gone, our father, and our friend,
And we, his children, must weep on in vain.
Yes, he is gone ;—and I lay down my pen
With tear-dimmed eyes. What is there more to say ?
Words are all vain.—I can but bow my head
Beneath His will whose hand has thus bereft us,
And still my yearning heart to quietness.
Nay, e'en thank God, that in His own good time,
From years of care and suffering bravely borne,
He took our loved one home.

Go then, my book,
In his dear name and memory, go forth.
He loved you well,—'twas for the love he bore
His child, in all whose fancies, thoughts, and tastes
He saw his own reflected ; though, alas,
Not hers *his* pen to speak them worthily.
Yet, even so, let the world praise or scorn,
Ye are my thoughts, the children of my brain,
As such I send ye out into the world.
Go, fail or prosper, even as men will,
Or as your own deserts shall win forbearance
Or just disfavour ; for I ask no more,
My gentle friends and readers, than a fair
Impartial criticism : give me but this,—
I shall be well content. And so,—FAREWELL.

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE but few words to say in introducing this small volume of poems to the public. They were written, in the first instance, for my own amusement, with no view to publication ; and are now published almost entirely for the perusal of my personal friends, and of that portion of the New Zealand public who are kindly interested in me, chiefly for the sake of the father whose name was known and honoured in that country for many years. The verses are very simple and perfectly unpretending, boasting of no brilliant similes or classical allusions, and I can hardly hope that they will interest the great British public. However, such as they are, they are here to speak for themselves—lights and shadows that have flitted through my brain at different times ; and if they, or the illustrations contributed by kind friends, afford a little pleasure to, or touch the chords of sympathy in but two or three hearts amid the throng, they will not have been published in vain.

With reference to the longest poem in the collection, "Three Scenes in the Life of Cola di Rienzi," I desire to deprecate, beforehand, the otherwise inevitable charge of flagrant plagiarism, by declaring at once, that it makes no pretensions to originality, except in Rienzi's opening speech, the one incident of his supposed vision, and, of course, the epilogue. The rest is, and pretends to be, nothing more than a versification of three scenes in the late Lord Lytton's intensely interesting novel, "Rienzi; or, the Last of the Tribunes," and if, in versifying it, I have taken an unwarrantable liberty, I can only plead, in extenuation, that I have, at least, paid my meed of homage to the great genius of that gifted author, in proof of which I may state that so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by this thrilling narrative, that I wrote the poem after having *once* read the book, and without again referring to its pages.

Having thus, I trust, made the "amende honorable," I take my leave, and launch my tiny boat upon the waters of public opinion, only hoping that, from its very smallness and insignificance, it may escape some of the buffetings that beset larger vessels.

GEORGIANA PEACOCKE.

*Hawthornden, Howick, Auckland,
New Zealand.*

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HANGITOTO AND TIK NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND HARBOUR, NEW ZEALAND.

RAY'S FROM THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

HAIL TO NEW ZEALAND !

HAIL ! land of our fairest hopes,
Bright gem of the southern deep,
Dear home, for whom we have dared to leave
 The land where our fathers sleep ;
Whose smile of promise hath beamed afar,
And lighted us on like a beacon star.
 Hail to New Zealand ! Hail !

Hail ! land of the forest and fern,
Britannia's fairest child,
Where Britons yet might fondly deem
 That their own loved Albion smiled—
That thy glancing waves and thy sunny sky
Were the same they had loved in the years gone by.
 Hail to New Zealand ! Hail !

Hail ! land where our life renewed
Grows young in the dawning ray
Of a new-born hope, and where Age is blest
In a home where the children play,
And where those they have loved in the dear old isle
In that hope's fulfilment around them smile.
Hail to New Zealand ! Hail !

Hail ! land of our hope and love,
Blest be thy fruitful soil,
Thankful our hearts to the Giver of good,
And true to our brothers in toil.
May New Zealand, the Queen of the southern wave,
Be ever the home of the true and the brave.
Hail to New Zealand ! Hail !

FAREWELL TO BISHOP SELWYN.

FAREWELL, true, brave, devoted heart !
 New Zealand's prayers and tears
Go with thee on thy homeward way,
 Friend of her early years.

Farewell ! thy foot may ne'er again
 Rest on New Zealand soil,—
The land that thou hast lived to bless
 Through years of loving toil,—

The land where, over hill and vale,
 Where'er thy foot hath trod,
All men have hailed and blessed thee
 The messenger of God,—

Where thy dear name and memory,
 With noble deeds entwined,
Shall live, henceforth, from age to age,
 In loving hearts enshrined.

But though afar, full well we know
Fond Memory's lingering chain
Will bind thee to the home thou'st left,
'Mid the far southern main.

Though friends may throng around thy path,
In thy home across the sea,
Thou'l ne'er forget the hearts that here
Still love and pray for thee.

Hers, too, who by thy side hath moved
In gentle ministry,
Blest sharer in thy work of love,
Our warmest prayers shall be.

Alike from dark-skinned savage race,
And Britain's fair-haired child,
From all the countless isles that gleam
Amid the ocean wild,

Ascends the prayer, “ God speed ye well
Across the stormy brine ; ”
While, with one voice, New Zealand cries,
“ Farewell to thee and thine ! ”

MUSIC.

MUSIC, Music, softly stealing
 O'er my senses, like a dream
 Of some half-forgotten gladness,
 Like a wave from Memory's stream,
 Swelling o'er my soul, and flooding
 Every sense with deep delight,
 Making joy seem yet more joyous,
 Brightening sorrow's darkest night.

Upborne on thy gladsome pinions,
 Through bright Fancy's realms I stray,
 Years of sadness all forgotten,
 Happy, happy as the day :
 Or in dreamy reveries floating,
 As on billows of sweet sound,
 Of all earthly things unconscious,
 Sailing o'er enchanted ground.

Music, Music, I have heard thee
 With a bliss that's almost pain,
 Thou hast been my life's one blessing,
 Let me hear thee once again,

6 *Rays from the Southern Cross.*

Bringing thoughts of sweet spring breezes,
Rustling leaves, sun-chequered shades,
Murmuring sounds of many waters,
Echoing through deep forest glades.

Yet, at times, thy thrilling sweetness
Brings back the long-vanished Past,
With a strange, wild, passionate longing
For the days that could not last.
Thus each full chord thrills my spirit,
Now with bliss, and now with pain,
Such deep joy, such yearning sadness,
Mingle in thy wild, sweet strain.

May those strains still float around me,
With their softest, sweetest breath,
When I tremble on the borders
Of the shadow land of Death.—
See, within his lonely chamber,
Lies the poet—weary, faint :
Though Death's hand lies heavy on him,
Listen to his murmuring plaint :—

“ Oh, give me Music ! for I cannot die
Until those loved sounds once again I hear ;
Yet I am weary, and my heart is sick
With suffering,—keep me not lingering here ;

But let sweet Music come, on angel wing,
With gentle hand to part the golden thread,
And my freed soul shall speed to realms of light,
With Music evermore encompassèd.

“ Oh, give me Music ! for mine hours of bliss
Were but half joyful if *she* were not there,
And in my darkest hour, no spell, like hers,
Could lull me to forgetfulness of care.
'Twas her sweet breath inspired my poet soul
With all its loftiest dreams, its visions high
Of all things pure, and true, and beautiful :—
Then give me Music,—Music, ere I die ! ”

THE FOREST STREAMLET.

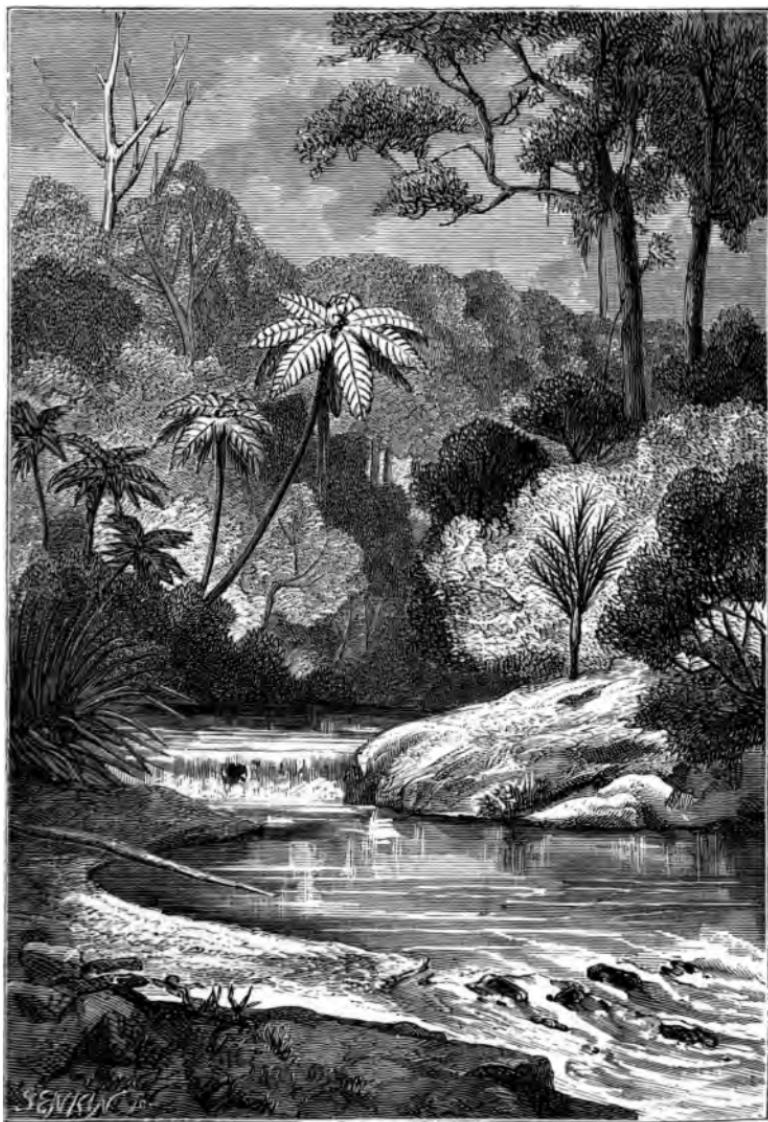
RIPPLE, ripple, little streamlet,
Ever onward on thy way ;
Ripple, ripple, little streamlet,
While I listen to thy lay.

Singing, singing, little streamlet,
To the flowerets by thy side,
To the gentle, loving blossoms,
Bending o'er thy glancing tide.

Ever murmuring, little streamlet,
To the stately forest trees,
As they bow their heads to listen,
In the gentle evening breeze.

And what say'st thou, little streamlet,
Murmuring ever, soft and low ?
Sigh'st thou for the sunny meadows,
Where thy streams were wont to flow ?

Or dost ask, thou little streamlet,
Of the distant ocean wide,
Where, ere long, thy sunny wavelets
Must be mingled with the tide ?



THE FOREST STREAMLET.

“ No, oh no, content I wander,
 Ever joyous, on my way,
Seeking not to know the future,
 Happy in the present day ;—

“ Singing through the deep dark forest,
 With the songsters of the grove ;
Singing through the sunny meadows
 To the flowerets that I love ;—

“ Joying in the summer sunshine ;
 Joying in the forest shade ;
Joying in all bright things round me,
 Wheresoe'er my course is laid.

“ And the children play beside me,
 For they love to hear me sing ;
Hark ! I hear their merry voices
 Through the forest arches ring.

“ Ever thus, through light or shadow,
 Sing I still my joyous lay,
And all Nature bids me welcome,
 As I ripple on my way.”

ETHEL.

A SONNET.

I GAZED around, on many a sculptured tomb,
And read, on many a tablet white and fair,
How lordly age was freed from earthly care,
Or wealth and beauty met an early doom.
And turning, sickened, from this pomp and glare
Of boastful grief, before me I espied
A simple headstone, with no word beside
Save, "Ethel"—only "Ethel" written there.
"Ah! here," methought, "lies some heart's buried
treasure;
Here love alone keeps watch beside the grave;
Here speaks the yearning love that could not save,
In this one word, its sorrow's boundless measure."
I laid a wreath of lilies on the stone,
Meet crown for thee,—Ethel, belovèd one.



"A simple headstone, with no word beside,
Save 'Ethel'—only 'Ethel' written there."

MEMORY.

COME, Memory, weave thy spells around
 My spirit lone and sad ;
 Come, bring me back the vanished days,
 When my young heart was glad.
 She comes, obedient to my call,
 She stands beside me now,
 A shaded joy, a softened grief
 On her fair, thoughtful brow.

Shadows of joys and sorrows past
 Flit o'er that changeful face ;
 O'er each is thrown, by the hand of Time,
 A new and softening grace ;
 From her deep eyes there beams a look
 Nor wholly gay nor sad ;
 In robes half bright, half mournful,
 Is her shadowy beauty clad.

And now she casts a misty veil
 Over each passing scene,—
 The Present flies, and nought remains
 But the thought of what *has* been ;

For lo, in swift array they come,
The scenes of bygone hours,
When life was like a summer dream
Of ever-blooming flowers.

The old familiar faces come,
And smile on me once more,
Smile as they used in those old days,
The happy days of yore :
I see again dear well-known forms,
Sweet tones fall on mine ear,
I clasp a hand I have not clasped
For many a weary year.—

Now steals a shadow o'er the scene :
A long-forgotten pain,
But softened by Time's gentle hand,
Comes back to me again.
And now the cloud that passed so dark
Over my life's young dream,
Seems but a shadowy morning mist,
Tinged with the sunlight's gleam.

And my heart whispers, “ E'en those days
Were not all bright and gay ;
Hope on, for as those clouds have passed,
These, too, shall fade away.”

Oh Memory, sweet Memory,
Thy comfort who can tell,
When, round the sad and lonely heart,
Thou weav'st thy magic spell !

O'er each dark cloud, tinged by thy glance,
A softened radiance plays ;
A light shines on my onward path,—
A gleam from the bygone days.
And I joy to think, whate'er betide,
Sweet Memory, thou art mine ;
Nor storm nor tempest e'er can drive
Thee from my spirit's shrine.

THE CHILD OF GENIUS.

A LITTLE child slept in his cradle bed
One summer night, while, through the clustering vines
Around the open lattice, softly stole
The silvery moonbeams, decking his young brow
With pale ethereal light, and gleaming bright
Upon his golden hair. The night-breeze soft
Stole whispering in upon the summer air,
And lightly played amid the boy's bright curls,
And stirred the snowy hangings of his cot
With gentle rustle. Still the child slept on,
Nor whispering breath of night nor moonbeams' kiss
Unsealed the dark-fringed lids, that softly drooped
Upon the baby cheek, nor could recall
His wandering spirit from the realm of dreams
And visions bright,—who knows?—perchance of Heaven :
For sure these little ones *must* dream of Heaven,
Since of this world they have no consciousness
That could return upon their sleeping sense
And make them dream of Earth ; coming, so late,
Fresh from the Heavenly bowers, they still must be
Imaged upon their souls.—

But hark ! that sound—

Was it the rustle of the midnight breeze ?
What was the light that on a sudden gleamed,
And brighter waxed, and brighter, till its beams
Filled all the chamber, centering in a crown,
A glory halo, round the sleeping head
Of that fair little one ? What was the form
That through the stillness of the night, unseen,
Winged its swift noiseless flight from heaven to earth,
And stood beside the sleeping infant's couch ?
A form divine, of beauty and of light—
A bright star seemed to gleam upon the brow,
That pure pale brow where sat high Intellect,
While deep Thought looked out of the starry eyes,
And in their dark depths, ever and anon,
Was kindled Passion's fire. She bent and gazed,
With a long earnest gaze, on that young face,
Then, with her finger, on the baby brow
She traced some mystic characters, then rose,
And a proud smile of triumph seemed to flit
O'er those impassioned features. "Child !" she cried,
" Henceforth thou'rt mine, I've sealed thee for mine own,
Mine now and ever. Child of Earth ! sleep on,
Sleep on, and wake a king o'er all thy race ;
Sleep on, and wake—immortal !" Thus she spoke,
And on a sudden vanished ; and the light—
That light celestial, that erewhile had shone,
And with its glory dimmed the moon's pale ray—
With her departed. All was dark once more,
Save where the moon her pale, sweet radiance shed,

Or 'neath Heaven's arch, so deeply, darkly blue,
The stars, Heaven's jewels, in their beauty gleamed
Like loving Angel eyes.

The boy grew on ;
A weirdlike child he was, with large dark eyes,
That ever had a deep, far-seeing look,
As though they looked beyond this world of sense,
And saw strange visions none but he might see.
And silent, too ; for, at the thoughtless age,
When children prattle most, he seldom spoke ;
Hour after hour he sat, while, in his breast,
Thoughts would arise, he knew not how nor whence,
He scarce could comprehend ; he knew not why,
All Nature's scenes seemed fraught to his young heart
With vague, mysterious meaning. Oh, he loved
With passionate worship all things beautiful ;
And oft might he be seen, standing alone,
Gazing entranced, with those deep, lustrous eyes,
Upon some lovely scene ; his bosom heaved
As with an inward struggle; then at length,
With a deep sigh, awaking from his trance,
He homeward turned.

Thus had it chanced, one eve,
When twice seven years had passed : the lonely boy,
As was his wont, had wandered on and on,
Heedless of where he went. At length he paused :
A scene of wild and wondrous loveliness
Lay spread around him ; rapturously he gazed.
He stood upon a lonely mountain path ;
Above him, mountains piled on mountains rose,

With eddying mists, in wild fantastic shapes,
Wreathing around their crags ; while far above,
Looking like giant heads, dark, weird, and strange,
Thus looming through the clouds, their summits rose.
Beneath him, hill and dale in beauty lay,
And, downward led by many a wooded slope,
The eye might rest upon as fair a scene
As ever poet painted. Waving fields
And pastures rich, 'mid clustering cottages,
Sloped downward to the shores of a still lake,
Blue as the summer sky, and crystal clear.
O'er its green banks the drooping willows hung
Their pensile branches, while the lowing kine
Rested beneath their shade.

Awhile he gazed,
Gazed on and on ; then, like a sudden flash,
A light broke on his soul : it seemed to him
A veil had fallen from his spirit's eyes ;
Then clearly saw he what was erst so dim ;
Then all his strange vague thoughts took shape and form—
He knew himself a poet ; burning words
He long had yearned to utter, then burst forth
With all a poet's fervour. Home he turned,
With joy unspeakable in his young heart,
Relief for all the pent-up thought of years.
But neighbours marvelled, oft, in future years,
What could have chanced upon that summer eve,
That could have thus transformed the silent boy
Into the poet high, whose very name



But whispered at the farthest end of Earth
Had power to thrill the hearts of high and low
With deepest reverence. Nought knew they, nor guessed,
Of the bright visitant that summer night,
Fourteen long years before : nor could they know
How Genius had bent o'er the sleeping babe,
And marked him for her own. They could not read
The mystic characters on that young brow,
That sealed him Child of Genius, king of men,
Bright beacon star of ages yet to come.

DEAD LOVE.

“THINK not thy late returning love
Can draw one tear from me;
The withered flower thou once hast scorned
Can bloom no more for thee.

“The child that plucks the summer rose,
Then, careless, casts it down,
Cannot revive it, but in vain
Weeps o'er its beauties flown.

“My heart’s whole wealth of earnest love
I gave at thy desire ;
Then, mocking, didst thou cast it back,
And quench its trembling fire.

“And wouldest thou now rekindle it,
And fan the quenchèd flame
With words that, while they speak of love,
Profane that sacred name ?

“ With the deep magic of those tones,
 And those false, pleading eyes,
Wouldst thou now seek to win again
 The love thou didst despise ?

“ Ah no ! they once availed to win
 A love too fond and free,
A heart now dead to every love,
 But *doubly* dead to *thee*.

“ Then go : those earnest looks and tones
 Can draw no tear from me ;
The withered flower thou once hast scorned
 Can bloom no more for thee.”

’Twas thus, but now, I sent him hence—
 Now—help me, God above !
’Tis vain—I am a woman still,—
 O God ! and I *must* love !

THE ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

BEAUTIFUL boy ! thy lustrous eyes
Speak thee a child of far southern skies.
Changeful as they, thou leanest there
With a languid grace, and a dreamy air,
With a world of thought in thy deep, dark eye,
Like a mountain lake, when the shadows lie
Silent and deep in its tranquil breast :
But the ocean waves, in their wild unrest,
Are not more fierce, in their wrathful ire,
Than thou, when thy passion's kindling fire
Leaps from thy heart to thy flashing eyes,
And the crimson flushes more swiftly rise
In thy olive cheek than the lurid light
Of watchfires leaping from height to height.
Yet the laughing waves of thine own blue sea
Are not more joyous than thou canst be ;
Nor the sunbeams, glancing through trellised vines,
More bright than the mirthful light that shines,
At times, in thy gladsome eyes—or the smile
That lurks, and plays, and flashes the while,

In the curving lines of that dimpled mouth,
Beautiful child of the sunny south,
While thy gay laugh rings on the summer air ;—
Be it ever thus light and free from care.
Oh that life might be ever a thing of joy
To such as thou, my beautiful boy !

MADEIRA.

MADEIRA, thou gem of the western wave,
 My spirit longs to fly to thee ;
 To gaze once more on thy giant peaks,
 And the bright expanse of thy glorious sea.

Wondrously beautiful thou art,
 As thou sitt'st enthroned 'mid the western deep,
 Where thy purple peaks, and vine-clad hills,
 In the golden sunlight seem to sleep ;—

Where the odours of orange blossoms fill,
 With their fragrance rich, the balmy air.
 And Nature, with lavish hand hath strewn
 Her choicest jewels rich and rare.

Beauteous thou art when the sunbeams glance,
 And flood, with their glory, both land and sea ;
 And when evening shadows climb the hills,
 Still art thou beautiful to me.

The gentle moon looks fondly down,
As she decks, with light, thy queenly brow ;
For surely her glance hath never fall'n
On aught more beautiful than thou.

And when the wild fantastic mists
Among thy mountains eddying wreath,
And thy dark peaks, towering through the clouds,
Look proudly down on all beneath,

A wild, weird beauty then is thine ;
And oft my spirit with awe has thrilled,
As I gazed on scenes that my childish mind
With vague, mysterious fancies filled.

Long years have passed since, in grief and pain,
Madeira, I left thy much-loved shore,
But dear to my heart is thy memory still,
And I long for thee, pine for thee, still as of yore.

I long, 'neath the vine and the orange-trees,
To roam as once I was wont to roam,
Where the sunny blossoms ne'er seemed to fade,
In my own, my beautiful island home.

I long to kneel by a little grave,
Where, in the days of long ago,
'Neath waving branches and sun-bright skies,
We laid our little darling low.

Simple the cross that beside it stands,
With fair, bright blossoms clustered o'er,
And simple the words our grief hath traced,
"ALICE : not lost but gone before."

Right dear to my heart is that sacred spot,
And dear is that isle 'mid the western main,
And sadly my spirit sighs to think
That I ne'er may look on its beauty again.



AD GALATEAM NAVIGATURAM.

A FAREWELL TO PRINCE ALFRED.

STILL sleeps her anchor in our quiet waters,
 Still floats her light form on our sunny tide,
 Still doth this, youngest of Britannia's daughters,
 Hail England's Sailor Prince, with joy and pride.
 To-morrow will behold her, swiftly speeding
 Her graceful way across the ocean's breast ;
He leaves us, yet we trust, not all unheeding
 A nation's love, in tearful prayer exprest.
 *Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
 Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas.

Thou goest, to scenes, perchance, of richer beauty,—
 To welcomes, decked, perchance, with brighter smiles ;
 Yet oh, not richer in the love and duty
 That hailed thy steps in these far southern isles.
 Deem us not cold—dark clouds of grief and sadness
 O'ershadow us, and dim our smiles with tears ;

* Horace, Book iii, Ode 27.

Yet have we hailed thy presence, Prince, with gladness,
And hope of brighter days in coming years.
Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas.

Alfred, farewell ! New Zealand's prayers attend thee,
New Zealand's blessings waft thee on thy way.
All English hearts shall love, and swords defend thee,
Where'er Victoria bears her gracious sway.
For love of her first hailed we thine appearing ;
Now, thine own noble heart that love hath won :
Go then, unto thy Royal mother, bearing
New Zealand's prayers and blessings for her son.
Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas.

A DREAM.

WEARY, one day, and filled with painful thought,
I sat and brooded o'er the vanished past—
The past for ever gone. And as I brought
Before my mind the long and drear array
Of vanished joys and disappointed hopes,
Of wasted opportunities for good,
Utterly, irrecoverably gone,
Of faults and follies, scarcely dreamt of then
In those past days, but now so vividly
Brought back and spread before my shrinking gaze,
Mingled with thoughts of what I *might* have done,
Of what I *would* do could those vanished times
But come again,—I hid my face and groaned.
Then turned away, and sought my soul to cheer
By gazing on untold Futurity—
Futurity with all its glorious hopes,—
And, through the vista long of coming years,
My future course to trace. But here, again,
E'en as I gazed, dark boding clouds arose
Betwixt me and each goal I longed to reach ;
While, all too plain, as in a glass, I saw

The coming ills. My soul grew faint.—A sound,
A childish voice, recalled my wandering thoughts.
I raised my head.

It was the month of May ;
The forest glade, around, was jewelled o'er
With sunny flowers, bright children of the Spring ;
And in the midst there stood a little child.
In his left hand he grasped a bunch of flowers,
While, carelessly and idly, with the right
He added to his store ; and, as he went,
Still culled the flowerets bright that round him bloomed
In beauty rich. But, as I watched, I saw
His eyes had followed not his hands' employ,
But ever turned they backward to the path
By which he came, where, crushed and withered, lay
Many sweet flowers, which, in his heedless course
He had let fall, unconscious, from his grasp,
And trampled 'neath his feet. And now with grief
And late repentance, turned his longing glance
To where their withered beauty prostrate lay.
Those fair, bright blossoms ! could he but recall
Their vanished charms, and raise their drooping heads,
How he would cherish them ! But all in vain.
He turned to where, before his longing gaze,
Glade after glade in chequered beauty lay
Of light and shade ; where, 'mid the forest depths,
The laughing sunbeams, gliding through their shades,
Lit up with radiant glow each smallest flower
That sparkled, gemlike, from its leafy nook.

Then, for a moment, flitted o'er his face
A look of eager hope, of joy to think
That all those brilliant treasures might be his.
Too soon it passed, and o'er his sunny face
A dark shade fell once more, a troubled look,
That, to my fancy, seemed as though it said,
“ How many weary hours must pass away
Ere I can reach those sunny glades ! Perchance
Dangers may lurk, concealed, beside my path ;
The serpent, with his poisoned fang may hide
Beneath the flowers ; or, if it be not so,
Weary and footsore I must surely be
Ere I can reach the end.” While thus he mused,
And idly stood to grieve o'er coming ills,
The sun had set : but the child marked it not,
Till, startled by the shadows gathering round,
He turned in haste, that, ere the light had fled
And Night come on, he might, at least, have culled
The blossoms near him,—but, alas ! too late.
Their beauty faded with the sun's decline,
And when, with eager, trembling hands, he grasped
Those flowers, erewhile so bright, he found, alas,
He grasped but withered stems.—The darkness fell !
Then, through the silence of those forest depths
Echoed a bitter cry of childish grief ;
And with the cry I woke.—’Twas but a dream !
As home I turned I mused upon the scene,
And musing, thus my heart in warning spake :—
“ Mortal, learn hence, the present time alone

Is thine, the Future and the Past are God's ;
Leave them to Him ; waste not, in vain regrets,
The time He gives thee *now*. Nor, brooding, grieve
O'er future ills, o'er dangers yet to come ;
Thou hast no power to change them if thou wouldest :
Trust all to God, assured, whate'er betides,
Since 'tis His will, is best. And, for thyself,
Use thou thy best endeavours to improve
The Present, which is thine, that when it flies
Into the Past, the irrevocable Past,
Into thy Maker's hands, He may not find
The gift He gave thee to improve, return
Empty and void as when He gave it thee,
Or stained with deeds, that, when once past and gone,
Can never be undone. Mortal, work on ;
Work while the daylight lasts—Time swiftly flies ;
Work, lest the night come, and the darkness fall
Ere thy allotted task be done."

THE WIND.

WHENCE come ye, mighty winds, whose giant power
Bows the dark forest, shakes the mountain tops,
And lashes into foam old Ocean's billows,
Making men's hearts to tremble at the sound
Of your fierce revelry?—say, whence come ye?
And whither go ye? 'Mid the rushing blast
Is heard a voice,—“Forth from the throne of God
We come, our errand high to do His will,
And thither, when our mission here is ended,
Thither shall we return.” The storm hath sunk,
And the soft breezes whisper lovingly,
Like rustling angel wings, murmuring, “We come,
Or in our wrath, or in our gentleness,
Alike to do His will, whose name is Love.”



"Oh, why do the dark clouds come, mother,
O'er the heavens so bright and clear?"

Passing through the Clouds.

PASSING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Oh, why do the dark clouds come, mother,
 O'er the heavens so bright and clear?
 They cover the face of the beautiful sky
 With their shadows dim and drear ;
 They hide the sweet pale moon, mother,
 And dim her radiant light :
 Oh, why do the dark clouds come, mother,
 O'er the beautiful and bright ?

It must be ever thus, my child,
 So long as the world shall last,
 The bright and beautiful still must be
 By sorrow's clouds o'ercast.
 But we know the bright sky still is there,
 Though our eyes see it not ;
 So God's love still is over all,
 However dark our lot.

Ah ! see yon silvery ray, mother !
 She beams again at last ;
 But the cruel clouds come hurrying on,
 And now the gleam is past.

Oh, mother, it passed so quickly away,
 'Twas like a beautiful dream ;
And deeper than ever the darkness seems,
 After that radiant gleam.

Such is the brief, bright dream of bliss,
 That comes 'mid our sorrow's night,
Till we almost believe, for a moment,
 That life will be always bright ;
But it were not well that it should be so,
 And swiftly it passeth away,
Lest we cling too fondly to earthly hopes,
 And joys that must soon decay.

See, now she has passed the clouds, mother,
 She has reached the free blue sky,
Calmly and brightly she beameth now,
 In her spotless purity ;
And the little stars seem to welcome her,
 As she cometh among them again,
And greet her with glancing looks of love,
 As they follow in her train.

Yes, she has passed the clouds, my child,
 She has passed them bravely through ;
Thus mayst *thou* meet the storms of life,
 With a spirit brave and true ;

Then, with God's light upon thy brow,
God's peace within thy breast,
Thou'l pass into the glorious realms
Of everlasting rest.
There angel welcomes shall await
The spirit purified,
And a crown of glory wreath the brow
Of the victor true and tried.

SPRING.

COME, sister, come, let us up and away :
Sweetly and brightly the breezes play ;
Spring, bright Spring, is coming again,
Bringing all pleasant thoughts in her train.

Away with sorrow, away with care,
They can have no place on a day so fair ;
We'll forget, in our joy and merry glee,
That such things as grief and care can be.

See where the breeze is dancing free,
On the sparkling waves of the sunlit sea ;
While all Nature cries, in a joyous strain,
Spring, bright Spring, is coming again.

The hawthorn flower on the spray is seen ;
And the trees are clad in their robes of green ;
And they wave their branches in joyous glee
As the breeze strays through them so lovingly.

And it whirls away, in scorn and disdain,
The withered leaves that from winter remain ;
Then away it darts, and the white clouds fly,
As it chases them through the bright blue sky.

Oh, merrily, merrily, fly the hours
'Mid the perfume sweet of the bright Spring flowers,
While the sunbeams glance through the leafy shade,
And the wild bee hums through the forest glade,

And the birds, as they sit on the blossoming spray,
Pour their sweet songs through the livelong day.
Then away with sorrow, and grief, and pain,
For Spring, bright Spring, is coming again.

A PROTEST.

“Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone.”

BYRON.

WHAT say'st thou—that a woman's all is cast
Upon one die, that die the love of man?
Nay, Heaven forbid that woman's heart should be
So poor and weak a thing! What! in that heart
Blooms but *one* flower? and when, with ruthless hand,
Proud man hath gathered, crushed, and cast aside
That one fair blossom, is all desolate?
Believe it not:—the heart of woman is
A fount of many streams, whose waters flow
Forth to the world, as rivers to the sea,
Dispensing joy and blessing, yet return,
As rivers feeding their own founts with dew,
Replenishing the source from whence they spring
With their own peace and gladness. Yet thou say'st
That “all of hers upon one die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring

Save mockeries of the past."—What call'st thou, then,
The dear, dear love of parent, sister, brother?
What call'st thou friendship's ties?—Are these all
nought,—

All to be cast aside in vain despair
For that which could not be?—life to be wasted
In vain regrets and bitter memories
Of a once-cherished past? Nay, 'tis not so:
The heart of woman is of purer metal
Than thus to break beneath one dastard blow.
Ah, no; she bends awhile, and then, uprising,
Turns with a love and joy, how deep and pure,
Unto the dear, true hearts that wait for her—
The sweet home love she ne'er has known to fail,
Since first it hovered o'er her baby couch,
Or watched around her growing womanhood.
And oft—how oft a woman thus has risen
Purer and nobler from the fierce ordeal,
And has gone forth, bearing upon her brow
A light of Faith so steadfast, on her lips
Such gentle words of tenderness and love,
That hearts bowed down with grief have smiled again
Beneath the sunshine of *her* smile; and blessings,
Fervent and heartfelt as e'er mortal breathed,
Have hovered fondly o'er the steps of her
Who, through such sorrow, hath come forth to be
The Guardian Angel of our homes and hearts!

SHADOWS.

TELL me not that life is dreary,
That the world is full of care ;
For I look on God's bright heaven,
And I see no dimness there,

And I cannot think of sorrow,
With God's bright works round me spread,
With His glorious earth around me,
And His blue sky overhead.

What though clouds may flit across it ?
What though joy awhile may fade ? —
What were Earth without its shadows ?
What were sunlight without shade ?

Look on yonder purple mountains,
Where the shadows sleeping lie ;
Think'st thou they were half as lovely
'Neath an ever-changeless sky ?

Or yon little smiling valley,
Chequered o'er with light and shade,
With the shadows ever flitting
Swiftly o'er the sunny glade ?

Earth were but a burning desert,
Life but one long fever-dream,
If God sent not clouds to soften
Summer's scorching mid-day beam.

Give me, then, both joy and sorrow ;
Give me sun, and give me shade :
Both have their appointed mission
To the souls that God hath made.

IN VAIN.

WHY comest thou again, false Hope,
With laughing lip, and merry eye ?
Why wake again this hidden pain ?
I am less calm when thou art by.

Oft have I followed thee, fair child ;
Oft basked beneath thy treacherous smiles ;
Oft have I tuned my heart to join
The music of thy merry wiles.

With laugh and shout thou oft hast twined
Thy sunny flowers about my head.
I have them yet—lo, where they lie,—
Behold them, withered, drooping, dead.

How often hath thy beaming eye
Shed its false glamour o'er my path,
With visions of sweet household love
Arrayed my dim and lonely hearth !

Then the whole earth grew glad and bright,
Beneath thy joyous, bounding tread ;
And I have thrilled with glad surprise
To see the beauty round me spread.

But as I, eager, hurried on,
To follow where thy footsteps led,
Lo ! dreams and blossoms all were gone,
And thou, false spirit, thou hadst fled !

Yes, as I stretched my eager hand,
To grasp thy rosy, beckoning palm,
I felt a cold breath on my cheek,
And a cold grasp laid on mine arm,

And knew, by the dull stony eyes,
The troubled brow, the long dank hair,
By the cold clasp that chilled my veins,
That thou hadst fled, and left—Despair !

Then, drooping 'neath that icy breath,
Thy flowers fell withered from my brow ;
My heart sank 'neath that numbing clasp,
And died with them,—what wouldest thou now ?

Thou canst not raise those drooping flowers,
And bid them bud and bloom again ;
Thou canst not rouse this dull, dead heart,
But to a feeling of its pain.

I turn, and close my weary eyes,
That sicken at thy beauty's glare.
In vain, in vain thy witching wiles ;
Then go, and leave me to Despair !

THE SKY AND THE EARTH.

A MAORI LEGEND.

THE Sky and beauteous Earth, in bygone years,
Were one ; like one vast circling harmony
They moved together, bounding joyously
Through space, to the sweet music of the spheres.
But all too soon the blissful scene is changed,
Too soon some trivial cause of strife appears,
And Sky, in muttering wrath, Earth bathed in tears,
Sadly move on,—together, yet estranged.
Now, as the strife grows keen, Earth's children fair,
Daughters and mighty sons, in grief and pain
At so unnatural tumult, strive in vain
To stay the tumult.—Then the gentle Air,
Sweetest of all Earth's daughters, softly steals
Between the pair, and, in thus parting, heals
The fatal discord ; for, with gentle force
She ever keeps between them ; and the loss
Of the long-loved companionship restores
The love that had but slept ; and Sky deplores,

In tardy penitence, his thoughtless ire ;
While weeping Earth bids her, unto her sire,
Convey her love, her sighs, her misery ;
And, true alike to both, joyfully she
From one to other bears the tale of peace—
Her task of love, which nevermore shall cease.
For, year by year, as Time rolls swiftly by,
They still for ever parted,—from on high
He tells to Earth his grief in gentle showers,
She yields, to comfort him, her fragrant dews, and
perfume of her flowers.

THE WIND.

YE glorious winds of God ! what words can give
Shape to the mighty feelings that are stirred
Within the soul by the wild, rushing breath
Of God's free glorious wind ? Exultant pride,
And most intense humility, are blended ;
A consciousness of its immortal greatness,
Yet of exceeding littleness, an atom
Amid the war of worlds ; a feverish joy,
That longs to burst these mortal chains, and join
The storm's mad revelry.—And then an awe,
That speaks the presence of its Lord, and makes
The soul bow down before Him, stilled, subdued,
By that great awe ; and an exceeding peace,
Filleth our hearts, murmuring, “Lo, this is God !”

LOST.

ONE day there came a storm, a fearful storm,
That swept across our little world of life
With sudden fury ;—when it passed—we looked,
And *one was not*. Out of our world of light
Into the world of darkness round, one form,
One old familiar face, had passed for ever
In darkness and in silence. Yet methought
That once, amid the tumult, I had heard
One single cry of agony, but one—
Then all was still ; not e'en a trace remained
Of that familiar form,—only a void
Where once it used to be,—only a silence
Deep as the grave, where once his voice was wont
To wake the echoes. Men breathed not his name,
Or if, by chance, 'twas heard upon the lips
Of some gay child, a shadow seemed to fall
Upon the brows of those who stood around,
And the child's face grew pale at the dread silence
That met his heedless word. Yet, but for that,
All seemed the same, for still the world moved on,
And still men laughed and talked, and children played,
The sun shone brightly, breezes danced around :

In all this living world there seemed no change,
No sign that, from our midst, one had been taken,
One form for ever lost, one well-known voice
For ever stilled ; that one had passed away
Whose place should know him now—ah ! nevermore.
And yet he was not dead,—no, that were better,—
Not dead, but *lost*—lost, lost to us for ever !
I gazed, and marvelled, that one thus could be
So *utterly* lost, leaving no single trace
Where once he lived, and moved, and formed a part
Of this bright world.—And then I, too, moved on,
And mingled with the throng : yet still an awe
Seemed resting on my spirit, and a voice
Seemed ever echoing round, “ Lost, lost for ever ! ”
And as I, shuddering, looked around, I thought,
“ Can this be real ? Is it no strange dream ?
Can this be still the self-same world ? And who—
Which of us—will it be that next shall vanish,
And thus be lost for ever ? ” Then a chill
Stole o'er my shuddering frame, and lo, methought
I heard a thrilling whisper, echoing—“ Who ? ”

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

A CHILD leant on her father's breast,
 One still, calm summer night ;
 Her large blue eyes, upraised to Heaven,
 Beamed with a happy light ;

Her hair a golden glory seemed,
 Bathed in the moon's soft ray ;
 Her form, so frail and beautiful,
 Scarce seemed of mortal clay.

As the moon her gentle radiance shed
 O'er fountain, tree, and flower,
 In her inmost soul she seemed to feel
 The peace of that sweet hour.

“ Father,” at length she softly said,
 “ Methinks that it were bliss
 To bid farewell to earth for Heaven
 On such a night as this.

“ Nay, father, start not at the word,
I know that I must go,
Must, ere a few short days are past,
Leave all I love below.

“ But, father, think, when I am gone
Unto the heavenly shore,
Your little Eva is not lost,
‘ Not lost, but gone before.’ ”

“ Hush, hush ! ” he moaned, then bowed his head
In inward, anguished prayer :—
“ My God ! my God ! Thy will be done !
Yet oh, in mercy, spare ! ”

The child lay still, in silent thought,
And gazed on the starry sky,
While the calm moon floated proudly on,
In cloudless majesty.

When lo ! a throng of snow-white clouds,
Like an angel company,
Moved slowly 'thwart the distant sky,
Silent, and noiselessly.

A host of white-robed angel forms,
In thousands seemed to move,
As though on some high mission bent,
Though the trackless realms above.

Then the faint sound of the distant breeze
Fell on the fair child's ear ;
It murmured, at first, 'mid the far-off trees,
Then nearer, and more near.

And then amid its whispers low,
She heard a solemn voice ;
But so soft it spoke, so lovingly,
It made her heart rejoice.

“Eva !” it said, “my own loved child,
I come to call thee home,
I come to gather my precious flower—
Art thou ready ? Eva ! come !”

While that soft voice spake, the angel hosts
Seemed to pause in their onward flight ;
With bended head, and folded wings,
They stood, in the silent night.

But when it ceased, they caught the word,
And, through that angel throng,
It echoed with a joyful sound,
Till it swelled to a heavenly song.

And the burden of the song was this :—
“We are come to bear thee home,
We are come to gather God's precious flower—
Art thou ready ? Eva ! come !”

By every voice in that countless host
Was the angel summons given,
Till, "Eva ! come !" went echoing round,
Through the deep blue vault of Heaven.

Those blue eyes beamed with a radiant light,
As, in thought, she beheld her home,
And the child sprang up with a joyful cry,
"Father ! I come ! I come !"

One moment, and only a lifeless form
Leant on the father's breast,—
A form, pale, still, and beautiful,
With a face of angel rest.

And as the glorious train passed on
Toward the eternal shore,
A voice floated back on the still night air,
"Not lost, but gone before."

UNITED IN DEATH.

A man stands lonely on a foreign strand,
Gazing afar, with longing, wistful eye,
O'er the blue waters ; ever and anon,
A name, half-uttered, trembles on his lips.
Oh, there are worlds of sadness in that gaze
Of yearning, deep, unutterable love,
As though his very spirit had gone forth,
In that long look, across the trackless deep,
O'er the wild waste of waters, and had reached
That far-off land, and once more gazed upon
The form beloved : while tears, unbidden, start,
And dim the brightness of that eagle eye
With unaccustomed moisture. That dark eye
Has looked, unmoved, on many a battle-field ;
With firm, unshrinking glance, stood face to face
With Death in all his terrors ; yet the thought
Of one sweet face in that far-distant home,
Across the ocean wide, has had the power
Thus to unman him.—Yet, oh blame him not !
He is not more a hero, whose stern eye
Has never known the dimness of a tear

Drawn from affection's spring, the fountain sweet
Of tender memories. No, give me the heart
Bold as a lion in the field of fight,
Yet tender as a woman's when the voice
Of fond Affection calls. Such heart was his :
Brave, loyal, true, Nature's own workmanship,
Formed in her noblest mould of chivalry.
Ever the foremost in the battle's van,
Where Glory led, with Danger hand in hand,
There followed he, fearless, though Death's dark wing
Hung hovering near, and his winged messengers,
Bearing the doom of many hearts, fell round
Thick as the winter's hail. His comrades oft
Have marked his dauntless mien, as calm he smiled
Amid the cannon's thunder, and led on
His men to victory, or a soldier's grave.
They knew not, how, in that dread hour of strife,
Far above all the fearful din of war,
One sweet voice ever sounded in his ear,
Cheering him on, with words of hope and love,
To do and dare. And when, in victory's hour,
His soldier's heart beat high with joy, and pride,
And conscious triumph, then the chiefest joy
That stirred his noble bosom, was the thought
That he might lay his laurels at *her* feet,
For whose sweet sake alone, glory, or fame,
Or life itself was dear ; that he might see
The love-light gleaming in those lustrous eyes,
As the loved accents of that well-known voice

Welcomed her soldier home. But when, at length,
The fight was o'er, the hard-fought victory won,
His noble soul shone forth with purest ray.
Never was mercy to a fallen foe
More generously bestowed than by his hand ;
Never did woman bend with tenderer heart
Over the bed of suffering, than did he,
That man of battle, o'er the dying beds
Of those poor wounded men. His gentle words
Of hope and cheer have raised the drooping heart,
And breathed new life into the sinking frame
Of many a sufferer ; while his tender tones
Of sympathy and pity for their pain,
Have soothed the parting hour of many a soul
Which has gone forth with blessings on his name,
Gone forth to swell the cloud of witnesses
Who shall bear record of his noble deeds
Before the eternal throne.

And now, once more,
It is the eve of battle : yon bright sun,
Now calmly sinking in his ocean bed,
Will, on the morrow, set on scenes of blood,
And all the horrid sights and sounds of war.
And now he stands, gazing on that fair scene
Of glorious beauty, while the setting sun
Bathes land and sea with a rich flood of light,
And slowly sinks, as though too well it knew
The fearful change that one short day will bring
Over that peaceful scene ; and lingers still,

As loth to leave it yet, as though it fain
Would take one last long look, one sad farewell
Of Nature's loveliness, ere man and war
Have wrought their fearful work.

But while he thus

Seems to be gazing, his mind sees it not ;
The glorious beauty of that evening scene
Has touched a chord of Memory in his breast,
And she, swift answering to that gentle touch,
Has taken up life's chain, and led his thoughts
O'er the blue ocean, back to happy scenes
Of bygone years. Once more, in thought, he stands
Upon the shores of his own native land,
And watches, o'er his own loved hills and woods,
That sun go down ; while one beside him stands,—
She whom, of all the world, he holds most dear ;
And as he looks into those deep true eyes
That fondly meet his, sees, in their clear depths,
But the reflection of his own pure love,
His own true, faithful heart.

The sun has set ;

But still he moves not, though the silent night
Has thrown her veil of darkness o'er the earth ;
Yet *not* of darkness, for 'tis studded thick
With starry gems, that, from the vault of heaven,
Keep loving watch over the sleeping Earth,
And, in their solemn stillness, seem to speak
Of faith, and hope, and peace, to the lone heart
Of him who gazes on them. Now, at length,

His eyes he raises to the distant sky,
And gazes upward, with calm, steadfast look,
Then bows his head, and, 'neath the silent stars,
He kneels and prays, lifting his heart to Him,
The unseen Power who guides that starry host,
Who, in His strength, hath set the mountains fast.
"Thou God of battles!" is his inward prayer,
"Thou in whose mighty hand are life and death,
With all that makes Life blessed, hear my cry!
And, if it be Thy will, oh keep me still,
As Thou till now hast kept me;—but, if not,—
And if it be Thy will that I should fall,
If I no more may see my native land;
If ne'er again these arms may clasp that form
So loved, so cherished; if I'm doomed, no more
To look into the depths of those true eyes,
And see the love-light there; if that sweet voice
No more may fall upon my longing ear,
Awaking thrilling echoes in my heart;—
Thy will be done!—But then, oh Father, hear
My prayer for her, the darling of my heart;
To Thy hands I commit her, in calm faith,
And trusting in Thy mercy: be her God,
Her Guardian and her Guide; oh, keep her safe,
Safe from the cruel storms of this cold world,
Safe in Thy sheltering arms; shield her young heart
From every care and grief; on her dear head
Thy choicest blessings pour; keep her Thine own,
Pure, spotless, angel-like, as now she is,

For evermore, my precious, treasured one ;
And when it shall please Thee to call her hence,
Up to Thyself, then, Father, may we meet
Where we shall part no more, and with Thee dwell
For all eternity."

Thus has he prayed,
With humble, earnest faith, kneeling alone,
On that dark shore, beneath the silent stars,
Alone with God—his head bowed reverently
On his clasped hands.

But hark ! what is that voice
That seems to float upon the still night air,
Across the bosom of the deep ? He hears,
And well he knows that voice, for in his dreams,
And in his waking hours, alike, its tones
Are never absent from his heart ; but now,
It seems an echo from the spirit land ;
Solemn and clear, through the still night it comes,
And thrice his own name, borne upon the breeze,
He hears, in those strange accents, wildly sweet.
He starts, and gazes out across the deep
With wondering, eager gaze. What sees he there ?—
The moon, just risen, sheds a flood of light,
In one broad stream, across the glancing waves,
While all around is wrapped in darkness still,
Save for the faint light of the distant stars.
Out of the darkness comes a shadowy form,
That seems to glide along that radiant path,
On toward the shore, where, silent, motionless



The moon, just risen, sheds a flood of light,
In one broad stream, across the glancing waves."



As marble, still he kneels. Full well he knows
That form, so fondly loved, that stands revealed,
In its pale, shadowy, spirit-loveliness,—
The same, yet not the same ; those deep blue eyes,
That ever had in them an angel's look,
Gleam on him now with more than earthly light ;
That form belongs not to the realms of Earth ;
Yet, in its wondrous beauty, still he sees
And knows the form of his beloved. And now,
It nears the shore ; and, with a thrilling cry,
Of “ Edith ! Edith ! ” see, he spreads his arms,
In a wild eager yearning, toward the spot
Where stands the beauteous vision. Then, once more,
That sweet but mournful voice falls on his ear :—
“ Farewell ! ” it cries, “ but not for long, beloved ;
One little day, and then we part no more.”
It ceases ; as its sweet tones die away
Upon the midnight air the shadowy form
Grows faint, and fainter still, till nought remains
But the pale moonlight, and the glistening waves,
The still earth, lying dark and motionless
Beneath the solemn sky, and, above all,
The gleaming stars, keeping their ceaseless watch
Over a sleeping world.

And now, again,
He bows his head in thankfulness to God—
Though, in his heart, he knows his treasured one
He ne'er may look upon again on earth—
That she is taken from the storms of life

Into the quiet haven ; yet he feels
That soon he too will join her, that not long
Will he be doomed to walk life's path alone.
He knows the morrow's fight will be his last ;
That Death's dark wing, which oft has hovered near,
Will now at length o'ershadow him ; he knows
That, ere another night, those quiet stars
Will look upon his grave ; and joyfully
He welcomes Death, and cries, with thankful heart,
"Father, 'tis well !—I thank Thee, God of Heaven,
For this, and all Thy mercies."

Night has fled,

And day has come and gone ;—the battle's o'er,
The victory won, and on that blood-stained field,
Amid the mass of dead and dying men,
Is found a manly form, pale, cold, and still,
His dark hair clustered with the dews of death
On his damp brow ; but, on the pallid face,
Like the last glow upon a mountain top
Of parting sunlight, lingers a bright smile
Of joy, and peace, and triumph ; in his hand,
Clasped tightly o'er his bosom, he holds fast
The likeness of a fair and gentle girl.

They who were near when the swift messenger
Bore its stern message to that hero's heart,
Tell how, that moment, 'mid the cannon's roar,
A rustle, as of angel wings, was heard,
So clear, they fancied they could almost see
The white wing gliding by ; and then that smile

Illumined his pale face, and, with a cry,
“ Edith ! I come ! ” he fell,—and in that cry
His gallant soul went forth.

* * * * *

Far, far away,
O'er the blue waters, in a lovely vale,
There stands a happy, smiling, English home.
A little stream runs through that valley ; slow
And noiselessly it ripples on its way,
Seeming to linger, as though fain to pause
A little longer in that sunny glen,
So sweet and peaceful, ere it hurries on
To the great ocean. Sure, a fairer spot
Could scarce be found, than this sweet English vale,
On a bright summer's evening such as this.
Within this fairy dell, a cottage stands
Embowered in roses ; o'er the little porch
The honeysuckle twines with loving clasp,
And the sweet clematis clings fondly round
The open lattice, where the summer breeze
Steals gently in, and fans the pure pale brow
Of a fair maiden. But, alas, in vain
It woos her back to life and health : the seal
Of Death is on that brow, and well they know,
Who kneel around the gentle sufferer's couch,
That she will rise no more. All the sweet scents
And sounds of evening, on the whispering breeze,
Steal into that still room ; and see, a ray,

One last bright ray of sunlight, softly streams
In through the clustering roses, and illumes,
As with a heavenly glow, that sweet pale face,
Kisses the marble brow, and fondly plays
Over the golden hair.—But hark!—she speaks:—
“Weep not for me, dear mother; I am glad,
Yea, glad to go unto my Father’s home.
’Tis not for long we part; a little while
And we shall meet, sweet mother; and for him
Who is afar, the loved one of my heart,
I know not why, but something seems to say
That, ere another sunset gilds the sky,
We two shall be together, ne’er again
To part for evermore.” Then a bright smile
Lights up the dying face: “Farewell!” she cries,
“Until we meet in heaven. Farewell! farewell!”
And, with the words her gentle soul departs;
And they are left—left to their bitter tears,
Their grief and loneliness, while nought remains
Of her who was the joy of all their hearts
But that still, senseless form. Oh, she was fair,
Fair as a poet’s dream, and gentle, good,
E’en as an angel; she had walked on earth
Like some bright angel visitant, and now—
How can they live without her?—but, “’Tis well,
’Tis well,” they murmur. “Lord, thy will be done.”

In two far-distant lands, between whose shores
The billows of the mighty ocean roll,



“One of them lies
Beneath the old trees in the still churchyard,
Where the long grasses wave.”

United in Death.



"one lies afar,
Beneath the burning skies of tropic lands."

United in Death.

Two graves are seen ; the resting-places, they,
Of two fond hearts, parted awhile on earth
To meet again in heaven. One of them lies
Beneath the old trees in the still churchyard,
Where the long grasses wave, and bright spring flowers,
Tended by loving hands, their fragrance shed
Upon the evening air. One lies afar,
Beneath the burning skies of tropic lands.
No mourning friends are near, with gentle hands
To deck *his* grave : strangers have laid him there,
And on his lonely tomb the eternal stars
Alone look down. But though thus distant far,
Those graves are yet alike : the moonbeams fall,
And gleam upon a pure white marble cross,
That stands, alike, at either grave-head ; there
The self-same characters we trace,—two names,—
A date, the same on each,—below, one line,
“ In death they were not parted.”

THE VOICES OF THE WAVES.

WHERE the rippling wavelets murmur,
 Soft and low,
 In ceaseless flow,
Lone, I strayed one summer night :
 And their murmurs low and sweet,
 As they played around my feet,
 Filled my soul with calm delight.

And methought I heard soft voices
 Sighing, " Rest !"
 As each bright crest
Broke, and, o'er the shining sands,
 Peacefully the waters spread ;
 As a child whose weary head
 Yields it to kind mother's hands,

So, it seemed, the tired wavelets,
 Tired of life,
 Toil and strife,

Wearied out, all spent their strength,
Murmured, " Rest, ah, rest at last ;
All our toil and conflict past,
We have reached the haven at length."

My heart had been like ocean billows,
Tossed in vain
With grief and pain,
Full of weariness and woe ;
Now, ceased all my conflict wild,
Humble, restful as a child,
I listened to the waters' flow.

But, too soon, their swift receding
Woke again
My spirit's pain.
Ah, thus must it ever be ;
Such the picture of man's life,
Short repose and endless strife,
Seeming rest, but mockery !

Then, from 'midst the murmuring waters,
Came once more
To the shore,
Whispering voices : " Faithless one !
Scorn not e'en this brief repose
From the turmoil of life's woes ;
Hopeful, trustful, struggle on ;

“Gathering, from each restful season,
Strength and life,
For coming strife ;
Thankful take what God hath given.
Who, throughout his journey’s length,
Thus proceeds from strength to strength,
Shall gain eternal rest in heaven.”

THE QUIET CHAPEL.

PEACE, sacred Peace, here is thy dwelling-place ;
Here dost thou move, with noiseless, angel step,
Through the dim, shadowy aisle. The restless world,
With all its tempests wild of hopes and fears,
And joys and sorrows, lieth dark without ;
Here do I feel thy power. I seem to hear
A gentle rustle as of angel wings,
Filling the air with breath of heavenly balm,
Wafting God's peace around. A Presence, great,
Glorious, and awful, yet that seems to breathe
Of mercy infinite, and endless love,
Pervades this holy sanctuary of God.

And in that Presence each wild heart is stilled,
Each rebel will is bowed ; and, from above,
God's own sweet sunlight, streaming softly in,
Sheddeth its chastened light on forms that kneel,
With humble, trusting faith, and hearts at peace,
Before His mercy-seat ; while murmuring tones
Of earnest, heartful prayer, upward ascend
Toward the throne of God ; led by his voice,
The voice of one, ambassador of Christ

To us His earthly flock ; who, in our name,
Lays all our sins and sorrows at *His* feet
Who seeth all our weakness, knows our wants,
And looketh down with pitying eyes of love
On us, His children, giving peace, and strength,
And pardon, to each lowly, trusting heart
That bends before Him. Now at length we rise,
Filled with peace, love, and joy unspeakable ;
Then thrills the silent air with notes of praise
And glad thanksgiving ; then the vaulted roof
Echoes with sweetest tones of harmony,
As from glad hearts bursts the full tide of song,
Swelling upon the ear, until it seems
That angels echo back the joyful sound,
And bear it with them on their heavenward flight
Toward the eternal throne. Then all is still,—
Again with bended head, and folded hands,
We reverent kneel,—and then once more *he* speaks—
He, Christ's true faithful messenger ; in tones
Solemn and earnest, thrilling every heart,
Invokes his Master's blessing on our heads.
He ceases,—in low, murmured, heartfelt tones
We breathe our soft “Amen ;” and lo, methinks
Sweet angel voices seem to echo round,
In whispers soft and low, “Amen, amen.”
Awhile we silent kneel ; then all is o'er,
And reverently we pass out, one by one,
Out of that atmosphere of heavenly peace,
To struggle, on the battle-field of life,

With all the world's temptations, fears, and griefs ;
Yet fearing nothing, since we know that He,
The Lord of angels, leads us in the strife.
Filled with His peace, and strengthened with His might,
Calmly we brave each danger as it comes,
Ready to take our cross, and follow on
Wherever He may lead. We ask not where,
Nor why He leads us by this thorny path ;
We only know, however rough it be,
It leads straight onward to His endless rest,
It leads us to Himself,—we ask no more.—
And still, where'er I go, the memory dear
Of that still chapel, and the peaceful hours
That I have spent within its sacred walls,
Dwells in my heart, bringing back holy thoughts,
Filling my soul with tender memories,
Deepening my faith, strengthening each high resolve
Formed 'mid its holy influences. It seems
A hallowed spot amid earth's desert waste ;
And as I stand upon its threshold, lo !
Methinks I hear a voice beside me cry,
“ Oh, mortal ! put thy shoes from off thy feet,
The place whereon thou stand'st is holy ground.”

THE TWO STREAMS.

I SAT alone, beside a little stream
That rippled downward through a forest glen
Toward the distant ocean, murmuring low
And softly, as it rippled on its way ;
While sunny flowers, bright children of the spring,
Bent o'er its gleaming tide, and seemed to smile,
As, 'neath the silvery waves, their own bright hues
They saw reflected ; while the stream flowed on,
'Twixt grassy banks, 'neath overhanging boughs,
Between whose arches green the sunlight glanced,
Making the tiny wavelets flash and gleam
With fitful, quivering brightness. All was still ;
No sound was heard in that deep solitude ;
None save the gentle murmur of the stream,
The whispering of the breeze, or, now and then,
The low sweet woodnote wild of some lone bird
Fell echoing through the stillness.—Long I sat,
And as I gazed upon that hurrying stream,
I thought of the swift-flowing stream of Time ;

How it had borne away my cherished ones,
The bright and beautiful of bygone years,
Upon its cold, cold wave, and left me here
Lonely and desolate ; yet still flowed on,
Its waves as bright and gladsome to the world
As though no lone hearts stood upon its shores,
Yearning for those who could not come again,
Whom it had borne upon its rushing tide
To the great ocean of Eternity.

Now, as I musing sat, my spirit, soothed
By the soft murmurings of Nature's voice,
Wandered away into the shadowy realms
Of sleep, and as I slept I dreamt. Methought
That still I sat upon that streamlet's bank,
And still I mourned for those, the loved and lost ;
But while I mused and grieved methought I felt
An angel presence near. No form I saw,
But a voice, sweet beyond all earthly tones,
Fell on my wondering ear. "Mortal," it said,
"Wherefore this grief? Wherefore these bitter tears?"
"Wherefore this grief!" I cried. "How can I cease
To mourn my hapless fate? Of all the flowers
That deck this favoured spot, fairest and best
Was one sweet bunch of blossoms that I bore
Upon my bosom, one which I had borne
For many a year, through many a changing scene
Of joy and sorrow, and had hoped to bear
Still for long years to come ; but, one by one,
E'en while I gazed upon their loveliness,

They seemed to droop and fade ; then, one by one,
They dropped into the gliding stream, whose waves,
Heedless of all my passionate cries of pain,
Have borne them from me, borne my treasured flowers
Away, away, upon their gleaming tide,
Toward the unseen ocean.—Canst thou ask
Wherefore I weep ? ” I spoke—and then, once more,
The gentle accents of that angel voice
Fell on mine ear. “ Oh, mortal, stay thy tears ;
They were immortal flowers ; they could not stay
E'en on thy loving breast ; they were but lent
For a brief space, to cheer thee on thy way ;
The Lord had need of them, and they must go.
Clad in immortal beauty, now they bloom,
And deck the glorious bowers of Paradise.
Oh, mortal, weep not,—thou indeed art blest,
In that thy treasured ones were counted meet
Thus early to adorn the heavenly bowers,
And, in their bright and spotless purity,
To stand before the throne of God. Weep not,
For they are blest beyond thy fondest wish.
And deem not they are lost,—a little while
Thou still must journey, lonely, on thy way,
And then that gliding stream will bear *thee*, too,
Upon its friendly breast, unto the land,
The far-off land, where thy beloved are gone.”
Then I awoke,—’twas but a dream,—yet still
Those accents seemed to echo through my soul
With gentle soothing power. I wept no more :

Peace filled my heart.—“Father ! 'tis well,” I cried ;
“ I know they ne'er can come again to me,
But Thou hast need of them, and they are blest,—
I would not have them back. Nay, gentle ones,
Thank God, ye are at rest ; the Lord hath given,
And He hath taken ; blessed be His name.”

NIGHT.

O NIGHT, with thy pale moonlight robes,
And thy calm, peaceful brow,
Crowned with its starry diadem,
How beautiful art thou !

Thou'st cast aside thy sable veil,
And beamest forth to-night,
With all thy queenly loveliness,
To walk the earth in light.

Peace, gentle Peace, beside thee moves,
Attendant on thy way ;
Her heavenly beauty seems to shine
Reflected in thy ray,

O'ershadowing earth with soft, still wings,
Breathing of heavenly balm,
Stilling each anxious fluttering heart
With her sweet angel calm.

And Sleep, sweet Sleep, with snow-white wand,
Now follows in thy train ;
She comes, with gentle angel hand,
To ease the mourner's pain.

She weighs the weary eyelids down,
And soothes the suffering breast,
Till, by her gentle power o'ercome,
The mourner sinks to rest.

Then she calls the sorrowing spirit forth,
To wander, hand in hand
With her, through all the glorious scenes
Of her wondrous vision land.

Yet, gentle Sleep, weave not thy spells
Around my soul to-night.
I fain would linger here awhile,
'Mid scenes so fair and bright.

I stand beneath the shadowy trees,
And watch the moonbeams fall,
And gleam, with fitful, quivering light,
Upon the ivied wall ;

While, far away, the glistening waves
In silvery brightness lie,
So calm, so still, they seem to sleep
Beneath the moonlit sky.

And as I listen to the breeze
That whispers, rustling, by,
And watch the gentle moon float on
In silent majesty,

Earth's darkest shadows softening,
With her pale, mystic light,—
All Nature's voice seems murmuring,
“How beautiful is Night!”



"Far o'er the eastern hills,

MORNING.

Ay, thou art welcome, fair and smiling Morn,
Coming, with fairy step, to deck the earth
With light and beauty; full of hope and joy,
Bearing sweet sunshine on thy radiant brow,
Flushing the beauteous earth and pale grey sky
With roseate hues. Far o'er the eastern hills,
From out the quiet heaven, thou beamest forth
In sudden splendour; then, on swift bright wing,
Flying 'twixt heaven and earth, cleavest the air,
Leaving a trail of glory in the path
Thy bright robes sweep. Ay, thou art beautiful!
Like a fair bride, rejoicing in thy youth
And loveliness, thou com'st. And while thy hand
Draweth aside the sable veil of Night,
Shedding the glorious light of thy sweet face
Upon her gloom,—affrighted and abashed,
Swift she recoils before thy radiant glance.
She hath no sympathy with thy bright joy,
But, gathering closer still her sombre veil,
Prepares to fly; yet, lingering as she goes,
Seems to look fondly and regrettfully

Upon the fair green earth, and weeps to think
How fickle Nature, joyful, turns to greet
The coming day, forgetful of her claims
Who, through long hours, hath brooded o'er the earth
With soft, still, sheltering wings, shedding sweet peace
And holy calm upon the weary earth,
Softening, with her sweet spells, dark Sorrow's might,
Lulling each weary heart to rest. The tears
Stream from her gentle eyes in pearly showers,
And, as she vanishes from mortal sight,
They still remain, decking each tree and flower
With diamond sparkles, glancing, quivering, bright,
In the sweet morning sunlight, whose bright rays
Kindle with rainbow hues each glittering gem ;
E'en as the light of Faith, beaming upon
Repentance' tears, kindles in human breasts
Hope's glorious rainbow. All things speak of Hope ;—
The morning breezes, wandering lightly o'er
The sunny fields, seem whispering to the flowers
Of joy and gladness ; and those blossoms bright
Uplift their dewy heads, as though to greet,
With joy and thankfulness, the rising sun ;
While, borne on Zephyr's wings, their fragrant breath
Steals o'er the senses with soft witching spell,
Making the passer dream of Eden's bowers,
Filling the hearts of all with happy thoughts
And sunny fancies. And that same sweet breeze
Murmurs, with loving tone, through fresh green leaves
And waving branches ; and the air is filled

With notes of wild, sweet melody, that burst
From the glad throat of many a minstrel gay,
That flutters, joyful, 'mid the waving trees
And fresh sweet hawthorn boughs ; while, far away,
The bright waves sparkle 'neath the radiant glance
Of Phœbus, rising from his ocean bed,
And upward leap, as though they fain would reach
That azure sky, that bends so pure and clear
Above them. And beneath our very feet,
See how the laughing sunbeams flash and gleam
Upon the quivering bosom of the lake,
In mimic waves of gold. Lo, here, sweet Morn,
Here mayst thou see thine own fair countenance
Reflected in the clear transparent depths
Of the bright waters. Well may sunny smile
And rosy blush o'erspread thy lovely face
At sight of thine own glorious beauty, thus
Repeated o'er and o'er a thousand-fold,
For each bright rippling wave, that falls, and breaks
Its tiny crest upon the pebbly shore,
Bears thy fair image on its breast.—But, hark !
A sound of melody upon the air,
Distant, yet clear,—and looking up we see,
Like a dim speck on the far-distant sky,
The warbling lark, that soareth up aloft,
As though he fain would bear his song of praise
E'en to the threshold of the eternal throne.
And, Lord, we too would follow his glad flight,
And turn to Thee, Father of love and light,

With hearts o'erflowing with a holy joy,
Too still, too deep for utterance. We look
On thy bright world, on all thy glorious works,
Then upward gaze toward the unfathomed depths
Of thy pure, peaceful heaven ; and, while we gaze
Our eyes are dim with tears, yet not of grief—
Of bliss unspeakable ; our lips are mute,—
Words are not needed, for Thou knowest, Lord,
The love and joy our thankful hearts would tell,
But find not words to speak,—Thou knowest, Lord,
The thankfulness that thrills our very souls,
That such things are, that such bright scenes as these
Thy love hath given to gladden mortal eyes,
And make man dream of heaven,—Thou knowest, Lord.
And now, on every side, from land and sea,
From all Thy mighty universe, goes up
One universal prayer, one hymn of praise,
To Thee, O great Creator, God of life,
Voiceless, yet not unheard. And now we kneel,
And now our hearts' unuttered prayer ascends,
Mingled with Nature's mightier orisons,
To Thee, O King of Kings, that Thou, this day,
Wouldst keep us from all ill,—that this bright morn
May have as bright a noon, as calm an eve ;
Or, if storms need must come, that Thou wouldst be
Our shelter from the tempest, and our guide
Into the quiet haven. We are Thine ;
Into Thy hands we now commit ourselves,
For joy or sorrow, Father, as Thou wilt—

Only abide Thou with us through this day,
And through our life's long day, so shall our hearts
Be calm, untroubled as Thine ocean depths,
Pure as Thine azure sky ; and when, at length,
The noon hath followed on our life's bright morn,
And, in its turn, hath faded from our path,
And life's calm evening, with its solemn hush,
Steals o'er our spirits, we shall then be found
Ready to lay us down, in faith and hope,
To sleep the last long sleep, ne'er to awake
Until our eyes we open in that land
That hath no night, that needs no light of sun,
Or moon, or stars, for Thou, O Lord our God,
Thou art the light thereof ; no darkness reigns
Where Thou dost shew the brightness of Thy face
In everlasting day.

FAREWELL.

THOU hast left me, I am lonely,
 Lonelier than words can tell ;
Though my lone heart echoeth ever
 One sad word, “ Farewell ! Farewell ! ”

Then a sudden hope comes o'er me,
 And I cry, “ It *cannot* be :
No, 'tis but a fearful vision ;
 I shall wake and be with thee.”

But in vain : Time speedeth onward,
 In its swift, relentless flight,
And the dawning cometh never
 To my spirit's cheerless night.

For I seek in vain the loved one,
 The dear friend of bygone years,
And I gaze out through the darkness,
 Ever, 'mid the blinding tears.

Through the silent night I call thee,
In my spirit's yearning pain ;
But the echo only answereth,
And thou comest not again.

And I now am very lonely,
Lonelier than words can tell,
While my sad heart murmureth ever,
“ Dearest, dearest, fare thee well ! ”

THE RUINED CHURCH.

A WORD PICTURE.

IT is the hour of sunset, in that land
Of glorious sunsets, the fair land of Greece ;
And ne'er has mortal eye beheld, I ween,
A scene of more unearthly loveliness
Than that we gaze on now. That Eastern sun,
So gorgeous in its noontide splendour, shines
Now with a softened radiance, lovelier far
Than its fierce mid-day glare. O'er the still earth
Soft evening shadows flit, broken, at times,
By gleams of sunlight ; see, dark olive groves
Light up to sudden brilliance at their touch ;
While on the mountain-side, the purple shades
Lie sleeping, interspersed with sunny spots
Of brightness, where, in the soft evening light,
The starry blossoms of the myrtle gleam
'Mid their dark foliage. At the mountain's foot
A little stream murmurs its evensong,
As it glides onward to its distant bourne,
The blue *Æ*gean ; whose bright waters glance
In the far distance, flashing into light
With sudden brilliancy, and then, anon,

Seeming to vanish, as the shadows dim
Of the dark hills steal o'er them. Close at hand,
Upon a little spot of hallowed ground,
Meet centre for so fair a picture, stands
A temple formed of pure white marble, now
In part a ruin, yet a thing of beauty,
With its white pillars, pure as driven snow,
Fit emblem of the hearts where God has fixed
His dwelling. Through the ruined arches glide
The last red sunbeams, tinging, with a hue
As though of life itself, the gentle brows
And sweet calm faces of the pictured saints
That deck the walls ; flooding, with holy light,
God's altar, that amid the wreck around,
Still stands in beauty unimpaired, as erst
It stood, when, morn and eve, from thence arose
To heaven, the solemn chant of priests and friars.
And still, before it, burns the silver lamp,
Never extinguished, for the pious hands
Of pilgrims still watch o'er that holy shrine,
Still feed, with anxious care, the sacred flame,
Which, ever shining in that solitude
Amid the ruins, seems as though a type
Of the pure love of Christ, with heavenly ray,
Aye burning in a lonely, faithful heart,
Whence every earthly joy has fled, but left
Still the sweet knowledge of a Saviour's love,
A Saviour's tenderness.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

CALMLY she sleepeth, God's beloved,
Upon the water's breast ;
Ay, murmur on, ye rippling waves,
Ye cannot break her rest.

Play fondly with the long bright locks,
Flung back from the snowy brow,
That, sadly, upon the moonlit tide,
Sway with its changing flow.

Kiss gently the pale, folded hands,
And the fair, wasted cheek,
The lips where lingers yet that smile
So steadfast, yet so meek,

That lit the pale young martyr face,
And the gentle fearless eyes,
As she heard the cruel words of doom,
“ With the morrow's light she dies ! ”

Nor death alone, the torturing rack
Hath rent that tender frame,
Yet the brave spirit, undismayed,
Still blessed her Saviour's name.

Ah me ! that torture e'er should set
Its seal on that sweet brow ;
O God, that on Thine earth should breathe,—
Hush ! for she sleepeth now,—

Her requiem, the murmuring sound
Of the water's rise and fall ;
The shimmering moonbeams' silver flood
Her snowy funeral pall.

And gazing on that peaceful form,
And on that calm, still face,
Methinks 'twere sin to give one thought
Of earthly passion place.

E'en grief must still its agony
In presence of such death,
And yearning love its sorrow speak
With hushed and bated breath.

Poor watchers, who thus trembling creep
To look upon your child,
Gaze on, for gazing on that sight,
Your grief will grow less wild.

She was the brightness of that home
That now is desolate ;—
Weep on, poor stricken, childless ones,
For oh ! your loss is great.

Yet, weeping, let this drop of balm
Your fainting spirits own—
Your child hath borne the martyr's cross,
Hers now the martyr's crown.

OUR PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

GENTLY, yet gaily blew the winds that bore
 Denmark's fair daughter to our English shore,
 While, o'er her brow, their changing shadows cast
 Thoughts of the future, mingled with the past ;
 And through her mind did many visions fleet,
 Visions of loved ones she no more might meet,
 Thoughts of the happy childhood's home she'd left,
 Thoughts of her parents, of their child bereft.
 While Fancy wove the future bright and clear,
 Fond Memory brought back scenes that once were dear :
 Once?—Ay, and ever dear, where'er she roam,
 Will be the memory of her childhood's home.

But see, while thus she muses,
 The British shore they near,
 And the sound of shouts that rend the sky,
 Falls on her startled ear.

Then her fair young head she raises,
 And gazes on the scene ;
 And then, for a time, all visions are flown,
 All thoughts of what *has* been.

She sees nought but her land of adoption,
The home of her young heart's choice ;
Hears nought but the shouts of welcome, that ring
From each British heart and voice.

Now see the banners waving ;
Now hear the trumpet's blast ;
Now see the flowers, on every side,
Upon their pathway cast.

Right well do his people love him,
And with loyal hearts they throng,
To greet the bride of their kingdom's heir
With a welcome loud and long.

And she, that fair young creature,
In her bright young beauty's bloom
The centre of all loving hearts,—
Does she scorn her island home ?

See her bright eyes overflowing,
See the joy in her sweet young face,
As the nation's homage she returns
With gentle, queenly grace.

Hail, Princess ! thou art worthy,
Worthy to share his throne,
Worthy of all the heartfelt love
By England's nation shown.

* * * * *

'Tis done, 'tis over ; all the pomp is o'er,
And Denmark's daughter is a Dane no more ;
England has chosen her to be her own,
Adopted daughter now of England's throne :
And England's Queen, albeit sad at heart,
In the bright pageantry has taken part.
Sad visions it has brought of days long past,
And o'er her brow deep shades of sorrow cast ;
Thoughts it has brought back of the loved one gone,
Him whom *she* chose to share *her* heart and throne,
Him——ah, how worthy ! yea the brightest gem
That graced Victoria's royal diadem.
Yet, though her widowed heart with grief was torn,
She would not overcast their bridal morn,
But with her blessing crowned the princely pair,
Denmark's fair daughter, and our country's heir.
Heaven's blessing rest upon their future years,
Shield their young hearts from all life's griefs and tears,
Long, bright, and cloudless be the wedded life
Of Albert Edward and his sweet young wife.

* * * * *

Thirteen bright years have flown, and now again,
All English eyes strain, eager, o'er the main ;
All English hearts are beating high to hail
The far-off gleaming of a snowy sail.
It comes, it comes, and from the crowded pier
Breaks forth one long, heart-stirring British cheer ;

He comes, our Prince, from the far eastern land,
Where o'er the palmy groves, and tropic strand
Of India, waves our banner, proud and free ;
Safe from all perils, both of land and sea,
From the grim dangers of the jungle lair,
Where stealthy Death, on fever-laden air,
Wings his dark way ; or, in more ghastly guise,
Leaps from the tiger's haunt, with flashing eyes
And murderous claw ; or walks with stately mien
Beside the king of beasts ; or lurks, unseen,
Along the path, in each envenomed fold
Of the huge cobra. These, and more untold,
In safety he hath braved, and spread the name
Of England's royal Queen and England's fame
Through that far land beyond the Indian Sea,
With added lustre, and new dignity,
By his own kingly presence. Now once more,
Joyful, he steps upon the English shore ;
And while the banners wave, and cannons roar,
Our hearts in silent thankfulness uprise
To Him who, from His throne above the skies,
Hath watched his course with never-slumbering eyes,
And through strange lands, and o'er the stormy main,
Hath brought our Prince unto his own again.

But see, who stands beside him, with a bright
And tender gleam in eyes whose loving light
Speaks more than words,—tells how a royal heart
Is very woman still, and bears its part

In every joy and grief and tender care
That stirs the soul of England's humblest there,
For not one heart, with simpler love and truth
Greets, safely home, the husband of her youth,
Than Alexandra's.—Well hath she fulfilled
The gracious promise of her youth, which thrilled
Through every loyal heart, on that glad day,
When, 'mid the concourse bright of young and gay,
'Mid England's proudest, England's loveliest there,
She stood alone—a Queen beyond compare.
We loved her for that promise bright and fair,
We loved her for the love of England's heir,—
Thus loved we then;—now, with a deeper love,
For sweet, rare gifts, that only time could prove,
We love her for herself: and though, maybe,
There rests a shade of graver dignity,
A look of deeper thought, on that sweet brow,
She—Denmark's daughter once, all English now—
As (chiefest sharer in the nation's gladness,
As once chief sharer in the nation's sadness)
She stands beside her princely lord, is nearer
To English hearts, and lovelier, and dearer
Than in those girlish days; and as she stands
With her bright children round her, countless hands
Are raised to Heaven, invoking on her head
The richest blessings Heaven itself can shed.
Not only hail we here our Prince's bride,
The stately Princess: no, we hail, beside,
The gentle mother, the true-hearted wife,

The fairest emblem of the sweet home life
We hold so dear. Well have that royal pair
Won the deep love and reverence that they share ;
And, prouder than the proudest earthly throne,
They claim the hearts of England for their own.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

AUTUMN leaves, so thickly falling,
With a soft and pleasant sound,
With your bright autumnal glory
Strewing all the garden ground ;

Why forsake the stem that bore you,
Through the summer sun and showers,
Thus to pine, bare, withered, lonely,
Through the long, dark wintry hours ?

Nay then, deem us not unfaithful :
Fain would we still cling around
The loved stem, that now, rejecting,
Scornful, casts us to the ground.

But our brief, bright life is ended,
And our work on earth is o'er,
And the eyes that once we gladdened
Shall rejoice in us no more.

For a younger race, and fairer,
Soon our vacant place shall fill,
While 'neath winter's snowy mantle,
We are lying cold and still.

We must fade, but greener, brighter,
Will the summer foliage grow,
For that we are nestling closely,
Fondly, round the roots below.

Thus, from death itself upspringeth
A new life beyond the skies ;
From the fading of earth's blossoms,
Richer beauty shall arise.

THY WILL BE DONE.

FATHER, I thank Thee,—now Thy heavenly peace,
The peace I've longed for all these weary days,
And prayed for, e'en with tears of agony,
Is come at last,—and I can bow my head,
And meekly say, “ Father, Thy will be done.”
It was a fearful struggle ; all alone,
Lonely and desolate, I seemed to strive
With some dark spirit, which, e'en as I strove,
Rebellious, 'gainst my fate, still seemed to crush
My spirit down to depths of agony ;
While all around seemed darkness visible,
Through which no gleam of light could ever pierce,
To shed one ray of comfort on my soul.
Still, blow on blow, upon my shrinking heart
My sorrows fell, and still, at every stroke,
My spirit rose more madly to the strife.
I deemed myself forsaken by my God,
Yet still I strove, e'en thus alone I strove ;
I *would* not yield. But ah ! how vain the struggle ;
Exhausted, wearied out, at length I sank,—

I sank and yielded to my misery.
Yet not in meek submission did I yield,
But sullenly, as one o'ercome by force,
Who fain *would* strive, but *could* not ; thus I sank.
While thus I lay,
Conquered, but not submissive, lo ! I heard
Sweet whispered words of comfort, peace, and love.
I raised my wondering eyes : a ray of light
Fell on my darkened soul. Lo ! 'twas my God !
'Twas *His* hand pressed so heavy on my soul
When through those hours of dark despair I strove,
So madly, vainly strove. Yet not in wrath,
No, not in anger, but in deepest love,
Father, didst Thou thus weigh my spirit down ;
To break all earthly ties, and make me turn
To Thee alone, for love, for strength, for all,
And make me wholly Thine. And now, O Lord,
Though darkest clouds of sorrow still remain,
Though my lip quiver, though tears dim mine eyes,
Yet I can raise them far beyond those clouds,
And gaze, in thought, upon Thine own blue sky,
Which, though I see it not, I know is there,
And feel that Thou art near. Yes, I can bow
Before Thy throne, and say, "Lord, I am Thine ;
Deal with me, Father, as Thou seest best :
Father, Thy Will be done !"



AN ACROSTIC TO A LITTLE CHILD.

E. M. P.

E THEL Mildred, little fairy,
 T ottering, with tiny feet,
 H ere and there, through house or garden ;
 E arth holds nothing half so sweet,
 L ittle one, as that wee face.

M ay thy gladsome fairy footsteps
 I n life's pleasant paths be led,
 L inger ing by the sunny waters,
 D rinking, from the fountain-head,
 R adiant draughts of joy and pleasure,
 E ver love-encompassèd,
 D oubt shall ne'er that joy efface.

P ure as heaven's crystal fountains,
 U nbedimmed by thought of guile,
 R ich and rare be thy heart's treasures,
 C loudless aye thy sunny smile.
 H eaven's protecting care attend thee,
 A ngel guards through life defend thee,
 S weetest of thy name and race !

THE STORM.

THE storm went howling past,
The waves ran mountains high,
The clouds fled, trembling, from the blast
That swept them through the sky ;
Then joined, and from their depths fierce lightnings cast,
And, thundering, roared defiance at the blast.

But above the tempest's howl,
And above the water's roar,
As the wild waves dashed upon the rocks,
And thundered on the shore,
Above the storm was heard, in accents wild,
A female voice ; it shrieked, " My child ! my child ! "

And a female form was seen,
With wild dishevelled locks,
With haggard face, and fearful mien,
Upon those beetling rocks.
And ever, as the blast swept fiercely by,
She raised to heaven that wild, despairing cry.

For scarce twelve hours had flown
Since, from his childhood's home,
They'd borne away her only son,
 Across the seas to roam ;
And fearfully she trembled for her boy,
In that frail bark, the wind and water's toy.

For, in her cottage home,
As sad she sat and lone,
She heard, and shuddered as she heard,
 The wild winds howl and moan ;
At length her mother's heart could bear no more,
And, shrieking, she rushed frantic to the shore.

And still, at dawn of day,
She kept her lonely post ;
And still the storm raged madly on,
 And still the waters tossed ;
Then kindly neighbours came, and sought to cheer,
And give her hope, though they felt naught but fear.

Gently they led her home,
And comfort sought to give ;
But the old men sighed, for they knew no ship
 In such a storm could live.
At length, with gentle words, they stayed her tears,
Till, worn with grief, in sleep she lost her fears.

Then, while the mother slept,
The fishers sought the shore,
And there, upon the shingly beach,
A ghastly sight they saw :
Amid the wreck wrought by that fearful storm,
There lay the loved one's bleeding, lifeless form.

The storm had well-nigh ceased ;
And now, as though in shame,
As though they mourned the deed they'd done,
And fain would pardon claim,
The waves came moaning round that form so pale,
And the winds sighed o'er him, like a funeral wail.

But hark ! what meant that shriek,
That voice of agony ?
The mother rushed toward the group,
With wild despairing cry ;
With an exceeding bitter cry, and wild,
She shrieked, " O God ! my darling son, my child ! "

She reached the fatal spot,
Where her last hopes lay dead,
She stooped, and touched the clay-cold hand—
She saw that life had fled :
She saw—then sank upon his corpse, and died.—
The pitying fishers laid them side by side.

But since that fearful night,
When storms go howling by,
The fishers, trembling, say they hear
Again that piercing cry.
Again, above the storm, in accents wild,
Is heard a voice ; it shrieks, “ My child ! my child ! ”

TO A WITHERED ROSEBUD.

My little rosebud, thou art withered now,
Yet will I cherish thee, thou little flower,
For the sweet sake of her I loved, who plucked
And bore thee in her bosom one short hour.

Yea, for the sake of her so fondly loved,
Next to my heart I'll wear thee evermore,
And when, in distant years, I gaze on thee,
Thou'l bring back thoughts of the bright days of yore:—

Thoughts of the happy hours, when, side by side,
We two have wandered through each flowery dell,
Or listened to the gentle murmuring tone
Of the sweet streamlet that we loved so well;

Thoughts of the days when lilies pure I twined
With the bright roses, in her glossy hair,
And thought, while gazing upon that dear face,
Nor rose nor lily e'er was half so fair;

When I have looked into those deep true eyes,
In whose dark depths an angel seemed to dwell,
And, as their loving light upon me gleamed,
With joyful gladness felt my bosom swell;

Of sunny Sabbaths, when, 'mid music sweet
Of church bells pealing on the summer air,
We sat and talked of things unseen, of heaven,
And of the joys that dwell for ever there.

Those days are gone, e'en as thy beauty's fled,
Gone, never to return ; but round my heart,
As, 'mid thy withered leaves, the perfume clings,
Their memory lingers, never to depart.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

I LOVE to wander through the lone churchyard
Where all is peace and rest ; to look around
Upon the silent tombs, where, cold and still,
Lie those who once were young, and bright, and fair,
Whose hearts beat high with life, and hope, and joy ;
To muse and think—"And these were living forms,
Forms through whose throbbing veins the life-blood
coursed
With tide as full and free as mine e'en now ;
Hearts, cold and silent now, that erst have throbbed
With love and hatred, joy and grief, with all
That moves the soul of man to mighty deeds,
To acts of virtue, or to deeds of wrong."
They now are all at rest—the infant band,
So early taken from the ills to come ;
Ere they knew aught of this world's sorrowing
They were at rest. And ye, young hearts and bold,
Cut off when life's brief race had scarce begun,
When hope was bright before your longing eyes,
And your hearts panted for the glorious strife,

Ye, too, are now at rest. Perchance ye grieved
So early to be taken from the world,
With all its glorious hopes ; 'twas hard to die,
Ye eager youthful hearts ; but, oh, 'twas well :
Ye knew not, thought not, of the sorrows dark,
The bitter griefs, the weariness of heart,
Ere half those brilliant hopes could be fulfilled.
Thank God, ye are at rest ; ere the dark clouds
Obscured the bright horizon of your lives
Ye were at rest. And ye of middle age,
Ta'en from the midst of all the cares of life,
Methinks e'en *ye* would fain have stayed awhile,
For ye had found that, 'mid the thorns of life,
The roses, too, had grown ; ye grieved to leave
The loved companions of your pilgrimage
To journey on alone. Yet *not* alone ;
The God who led *you* through the storms of life,
Shall He not lead *them* too ? Ye are at rest,
And they will come, ere long, to share that rest.

But oh, ye aged ones,—

Ye who have seen your brightest hopes decay,—
Ye who have seen your loved ones, one by one,
Around you droop and fade, and pass away
Into the realms of light beyond your ken,
Into the realms of glory, where, in vain,
Ye longed to follow,—who have stood alone
Amid the wreck of all your cherished hopes,
And felt that life was dark and drear henceforth,
That ye had lived too long,—welcome, indeed,

To you, lone watchers on the verge of life,
The hour that brought you peace, that set you free
At length to lay life's weary burden down,
And join the loved ones gone. To you, methinks,
That hour brought no regret ; with joyful hearts
Ye went unto your rest.

While thus I muse,
Far in the glorious west the setting sun,
Calmly majestic, sinks to his repose ;
While his last rays still linger lovingly
On each green grave ; and, in the distant sky,
The crimson clouds that on his glory wait
Seem like the portals and the gates of heaven.
And now the sunlight fades, and, one by one,
The pale stars gleam out of the silent sky,
Like angel spirits, watching o'er the dead.
And ever, through the darksome hours of night,
They thus keep silent watch.—All, all is peace.
Methinks this little spot is nearer heaven
Than any spot on earth ; I seem to stand
Upon the borders of the unseen land ;
And, as I homeward turn, peace fills my heart,
And in calm faith I journey on my way,
Till it please God to take me to my rest.

THE SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

A SHIP is speeding her lonely way,
 All silently 'mid the trackless deep,
 Where, 'neath the pale stars' mystic light,
 Old Ocean moans in his restless sleep ;
 But hark ! there's a wail o'er the sounding sea,
 "Mother, oh mother, I long for thee !"

And on that dark ship's lonely deck
 A man paceth wearily to and fro ;
 The shadows flit fast o'er his troubled brow,
 That is dark with the anguish of inward woe ;
 And he crieth aloud, o'er the surging sea,
 "Mother, oh mother, I long for thee !

"I long for thee, mother, the live-long day,
 And when evening biddeth our labours cease,
 And Night cometh down with her veil of stars,
 And the voices of Nature are hushed in peace,
 And darkness broodeth o'er land and sea,
 Mother, oh mother, I long for thee !

“I love to gaze upon one fair star,
That beameth at eve 'mid the western skies,
For I seem to see, in its tranquil gleam,
The light of thy gentle, earnest eyes ;
And fairest of all is that star to me,
For it speaks to me, mother dear, of thee.

“And now on Memory's page I see
A bright, bright vision of bygone hours,
When the footsteps of Time unheard went by,
So lightly he trod, 'mid the summer flowers ;
When I roamed o'er the meadows, so happy and free,
Through the bright summer days, dear mother, with
thee.

“And another vision comes o'er me now,
When, full of the hopes that youth will frame,
I stood on the threshold of my home,
And vowed I would earn both wealth and fame,
Would win the spoils of the conquered sea,
And bring them home, sweet mother, to thee.

“And when, at length, with eager step,
I sought again my native cot,
A dream of my childhood came o'er my soul,
And the years of toil I remembered not,
As I greeted each scene with boyish glee,
And thought how soon I might gaze on thee.

“I heard the murmur of the stream
That flowed beside our cottage door,
And I sought and found each childish haunt
That was dear to my heart in the days of yore,
Each flowery dell, each familiar tree,
But, mother, oh mother, I found not *thee*.

“For strangers dwelt in my childhood’s home,
And they pointed me out a mossy grave,
Where she lay for whom I had toiled and striven,
The mother I would have died to save ;
And I knelt by that grave ‘neath the chesnut-tree,
And, mother, I longed to die with thee.

“Heart-sick, and loathing the light of day,
I left, for ever, my native glen,
To roam once more o’er the ocean wide,
Away, far away, from the haunts of men :
Away, o’er the dark and silent sea,
Evermore yearning, mother, for thee.”

A few short hours and the scene is changed,
The stars gleam no more in the silent sky,
But ‘tis lit by the lightning’s lurid glare,
And athwart it the storm-clouds swiftly fly :
And he, as he watches that raging sea,
Murmurs, “Mother, ere long I shall be with thee.”

The end has come—one fearful cry
Rings echoing o'er the waters wide,
As the gallant ship, with her living freight,
Sinks helpless beneath the seething tide,
And once more that voice, o'er the surging sea,
Cries, "Mother, oh mother, I come to thee!"

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT—sweet word to those for whom

It brings no thought of sorrow.

“Good-night, farewell till morning’s light;

We’ll meet again to-morrow.

“Bright dreams attend thy sleeping hours,

And when the morning, breaking,

Shall chase the gloomy shades of night,

Bright thoughts attend thy waking.

“Good angels watch around thy couch,

And guard thy spirit, sleeping ;

Until we meet at morning’s hour,

God have thee in His keeping.”

Sweet word, how precious e’en to those

Who look for daylight’s meeting,

Who part but for a few short hours,

That simple, nightly greeting ;

That word so full of household love,
Replete with tender feeling,
So oft, beneath its simple sound,
Such depths of love concealing !

But the sad, lingering, last good-night
Of those who part for ever,
Who know that, ere the morning's light,
Their paths in life must sever,—

Who know that daylight's bright return
For them will bring no meeting,
That years and years must pass without
That dear familiar greeting,—

How lingeringly they speak the word,
Still o'er and o'er repeating
That last farewell, with quivering lips,
And hearts with anguish beating !

And precious, far more precious then,
That word so fondly spoken,
While clasping hand and tearful eye
The spirit's grief betoken.

Then let us ever hold it dear,
If sad our hearts or light ;
We know not when *our* hour may come
To breathe a last good-night.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Oh, brightly may the sunbeams shine
Upon thy path of life,
This day, each year, return to thee
With richer blessings rife.

May the fair stream of thy young days
All peaceful onward glide,
While Joy's bright blossoms fondly bend
Above its tranquil tide.

And, as the gentle stream flows on,
Beneath God's sunny sky,
Reflecting, in its crystal depths,
The glorious tints on high,

And still glides, joyous, on its way,
Alike through sun or shade,
Dispensing blessings far and wide
Where'er its course is laid—

Thus mayst thou, loving and beloved,
Thus, blest and blessing, move,
While on thy brow, reflected, beam
God's peace and Heaven's love.

All blessings rest on thee and thine ;
May sorrow ne'er betide ;
Good angels ever guard the home
Where thy beloved abide.

May He who guides the streamlet's course
Be with thee evermore,
Through clouds or sunshine lead thee safe
To Heaven's eternal shore.

I AM WITH THEE.

WHEN my head is bowed with sorrow,
 And my spirit sinks with fear,
 When my heart is very weary,
 And no earthly help is near,

In the still night-watches, Father,
 When the stars shine calm and clear,
 And the earth is wrapped in silence deep,
 Thy voice I seem to hear.

There seemeth an angel-watcher
 In every gleaming star,
 And through the still night cometh then
 That voice from the land afar.

Softly thou speakest, Father,
 Bending from heaven above :—
 “Fear not, for I am with thee ;
 Fear not, for I am Love.”

Then, to my weary spirit,
Peace, like the dew of heaven,
Cometh with gentle, whispered words
Of strength to mortals given.

Then upward gazing, Father,
My spirit feels no fear,
For Thine angels' wings o'ershadow me,
And I feel that Thou art near.

And I know, whate'er the sorrow,
'Tis Thy hand holds the cup ;
And I know, however rough the path,
Thine arm will bear me up.

Yea, Thou art with me, Father,
With love that ne'er can cease,
Then, safe within Thy sheltering arms,
I lay me down in peace.

THE FORSAKEN.

“WHEN, oh when will he come again?”
 I heard a maiden sigh,
 As she raised her sad and tearful face
 To the silent azure sky.

And the azure sky looked pitying down
 On the lonely weeping maid ;
 And a soft cloud veiled the summer sun,
 As she bowed her weary head ;

The gentle flowers stood sadly round,
 As though they would soothe her pain ;
 And the soft breeze sighed, as she wearily moaned,
 “Oh, when will he come again?”

Once more she raised that lovely face,
 And in mournful accents cried,
 “He promised me, ere the spring-time came,
 That he would be at my side,

And spring is fled, and the summer days
Are passing swiftly by,
And still, alas ! he cometh not.”
And she breathed a weary sigh.

The green trees waved o'er the fair young head
As it drooped in anguish low ;
And the summer breeze came whispering round,
And fanned the burning brow ;

God's own sweet breeze, it caught that sigh,
The sigh of that weary one,
And bore it aloft with pitying love,
And laid it before the Throne.

The Angel of Sleep, on viewless wing,
That eve was passing by,
And he paused and stayed him in his flight,
As he heard that weary sigh.

Then o'er her he waved his snow-white wand,
And murmured in accents low,
And laid his gentle angel-hand
On the mourning maiden's brow.

Then a look of peace stole o'er that brow,
And the maiden ceased to weep,
Softly she closed those deep blue eyes,
And sank in a gentle sleep.

The angel gazed on the sleeping form,
Then sped him on his way ;
And never, methought, so softly before
Did the summer breezes play ;

While a parting ray of sunlight stole
Through the green leaves waving there,
And gently kissed the sleeping brow,
And played o'er the golden hair.

And I turned away with thankful heart,
And I blessed the God of Heaven,
Who, to soothe the woes of this weary life,
Hath sleep to mortals given.

And I cried, "Sleep on, thou lovely one,
Sleep on, and take thy rest ;
And the God who giveth His loved ones sleep,
He will give thee what is best."

But as I turned to leave the spot,
A sound fell on mine ear,—
'Twas the rush of wings, and lo, once more,
An angel form drew near.

" Fair child," he murmured, "thou sleep'st in peace,
And shalt thou wake again
To the sighs and tears of this weary world,
The sorrow and the pain !

“ Nay, the peace that now rests on thy fair young brow
Shall never again depart ;
'Neath the shadow of Eternal Love,
Thou shalt rest, poor weary heart ! ”

He laid his hand on the maiden's brow,
And whispered, “ Come, maiden fair ! ”
Then the pale cheek grew a shade more pale,
For *the hand of Death* was there.

That moment methought a soft white cloud
Floated up toward the azure space ;
It floated afar, toward the western sky,
Then vanished from my gaze.

A tear stood in the angel's eye,
As, in silence, he turned away ;
And the evening breezes murmured low,
O'er the spot where the maiden lay.

And I thought, as I looked on that peaceful form,
“ He *hath* given thee what is best :
He hath taken thee from this world of woe,
Into His endless rest.”

MARY MAGDALEN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

FAIR Magdalén, with earnest eyes,
And claspèd hands, upraised to heaven,
Low kneeling at the Cross's foot,
Thine is the joy of sin forgiven.

Mary, thou weep'st,—'tis for thy sin
Those bright drops fall ; but lo, a ray
Of love beams from those dying eyes,
To smile the holy tears away.

Great was thy guilt, but greater far
The love that suffered unto death
To win *thee life*,—the love that speaks
Thy pardon with His dying breath.

Ah ! well thou know'st it, and the thought
Doth yet a keener pang afford
Unto thy contrite heart,—to know
That thine own sins have slain thy Lord.

Precious that grief to Him who counts
Each contrite tear a costly gem,
The richest jewel earth can give
To deck His heavenly diadem.

Mary, with thee, at Jesus' feet
We kneel ; may He bend down from Heaven,
And say, as once to thee, "To you
Who lovèd much, is much forgiven."

NEW ZEALAND'S LAMENT FOR HER BISHOP.

MOURN now, and weep, New Zealand,—he is gone ;
He whose high intellect and noble heart
Have won, for his dear name, the reverence,
The deep and earnest love, of every heart
Throughout the length and breadth of this our land ;
He of the bold, undaunted spirit ; he
Who ever hath stood foremost in the ranks
Of those true servants of our heavenly King,
The noble band who have left home and country,
To do their Lord's work in an unknown land,
Among a heathen people, and have counted
All suffering but joy, so they might win
Some souls to God, and spread the glorious light
Of gospel peace through the dark wilderness.

Such the great work to which
He hath devoted life, with all his strength,
And all his energies of soul and body.
Nor in this land alone, for he hath borne
E'en to the far-off islands of the sea,

The joyful tidings of a Saviour's love,
That they too might rejoice. With his own hand
He sowed the seed, laid the foundation-stone,
And then he sent forth one, him whom he loved
And trusted e'en as his own son, and one
All worthy of such love and confidence,
To finish the great work.

Father in God!—well named; such *hast* thou been,
True father, faithful shepherd of the flock
Committed to thy care. This *hast* thou been
To all, and this it is hath won for thee,
Where'er thy name is heard, o'er hill and valley,
In lonely forest homes, or 'mid the throng
Of crowded cities, wheresoe'er thy foot
Hath trod, and left a blessing in its path,
The love and reverence all men needs must yield
To spirits such as thine: for this thy name
Shall live for ever in New Zealand's annals.
This *hast* thou been to all—then what to *us*,—
Us, who have known thee as the loving friend,
The faithful monitor, the gentle guide,—
The sympathiser in our joys and griefs,—
To us, whose hearts' best love will ever be
Entwined around thy cherished memory?—
But thou art gone—thy God hath called thee hence
Unto a distant land, and we shall see
Thy face no more.—Who now shall fill thy place?
Or hers, who, through so many years, hath shared

With heart and soul in this thy noble mission,
And been to all our hearts a gentle spirit
Of ministering love?—None e'er can fill
Their vacant places, and we needs *must* weep.
Yet grieve we not as those who have no hope,
For though their faces we may ne'er behold
Again on earth, we yet may meet again
Where we shall part no more, where we shall look
On those dear faces, bright and glorified,
Radiant with that pure light that issues from
The throne of God. Then, in that joyful hope,
Awhile we stay our tears, and pray that Thou,
God of our fathers, Thou whose loving hand
Thus far hath led them on life's rugged path,
And thus far blessed their work, wilt still be with them,
Still lead them in the new and distant work
To which Thy voice hath called them. Pour upon them
Abundantly thy best and choicest blessings.
And Father, for their sakes, and for the glory
Of Thine own name, oh prosper Thou the work
That they have here begun. God speed them well,
And waft them swiftly, safely, on their way
Unto their native land ;—and for ourselves,
May He enable us to wait in hope,
Till we shall see them in their glorious home,
Where, “all the righteous, in their Father's kingdom,
Shall shine forth as the sun for evermore.”

Oct. 20th, 1868.

TO A DEAD CHILD.

FAIR little waxen image, so still and calm and pale,
To breast Earth's storms thy little bark of life was all too
frail.

Not long wert doomed to struggle with tempest, or cruel
storm,
And I cannot wish thee back, as I gaze on that little
peaceful form.

Thy little spirit, tremblingly, fled from its life-bark frail,
As though too well it knew it could not breast the wintry
gale ;
But nothing recks it now, though the wind and waters
roar,
As all peacefully it lieth here, stranded on Death's dark
shore.

With weary hearts and spirits, we watch thy heavenward
flight,
And fain would stretch our wings and fly with thee to
realms of light ;
But still 'mid the waves we battle, *our* voyage is not o'er,
Nor yet cease we from toil, to rest upon the eternal shore.

In weariness and darkness we still must struggle on,
Though the world to us is doubly dark, sweet child, since
 thou art gone ;
Though our hearts are sick with longing that childish
 voice to hear,
And to feel the clasp of the little hand that ever was so
 dear.

Yet oh, sleep on, my darling, I would not wake thee now,
Nor dim, e'en by one selfish tear, the brightness of that
 brow ;
I would not call thee back to Earth, I would not if I
 might ;
Thy gentle soul, for this dark world, was all too pure and
 bright.

Fair little waxen image, calmly on thee I gaze,
For "the light of immortal beauty" beameth on that
 young face ;
As though it had caught, from the spirit, as it sped on its
 upward flight,
A gleam of celestial glory, a ray of the heavenly light.

THREE SCENES ON THE VOYAGE FROM
AUCKLAND TO NELSON.

CROSSING THE MANUKAU BAR.

'Tis night, and the rough pilot's voice is heard,
" Too late to cross the Bar;"—then, at the word,
Obedient to the helm, our vessel turns,
And a few moments find her safely anchored
In a still bay. 'Tis a calm sheltered nook
Formed by two rocky headlands, girt around
By high and rugged hills, whose outlines loom
Stern, silent, grand, against the quiet sky,
And throw their deep, dark shadows o'er the bay,
Making all darkness, save where, here and there,
Breaking through rocky clefts, the moonbeams lie
In lakes of silver light. No sound is heard
Save the faint wash and ripple of the tide
Against the vessel's side ; while from without,
The sullen bar still thunders ceaselessly
Its low, deep monotone. No signs of life
Are seen upon yon dark, mysterious shore,



THE MANUKAU BAR AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Save one faint, glimmering, solitary light,
Perchance a beacon fire. All Nature sleeps
In quiet beauty,—so the night is past.

* * * * *

'Tis morn,—and we wake to the rushing tread
Of hurrying footsteps overhead ;
And the captain's voice, quick, sharp, and clear,
And the ready seamen's answering cheer,
Through the roar of waters, sound faint and far,
But we catch the words, "The Manukau Bar !"

Five minutes more,—on the bridge we stand,
Grasping a rope in either hand,
Facing the glorious morning breeze,
Watching the rushing, tumbling seas,
Thrilling through with a keen delight,
At the strange wild scene that meets our sight.

Far, as far as the eye can roam,
One mass of seething, boiling foam :
Sparkling, tossing, leaping on,
In the glorious light of the morning sun,
The crested billows, wave on wave,
Come dashing in,—then madly rave,
As each one, checked in its headlong way,
Falls back in a dazzling shower of spray.

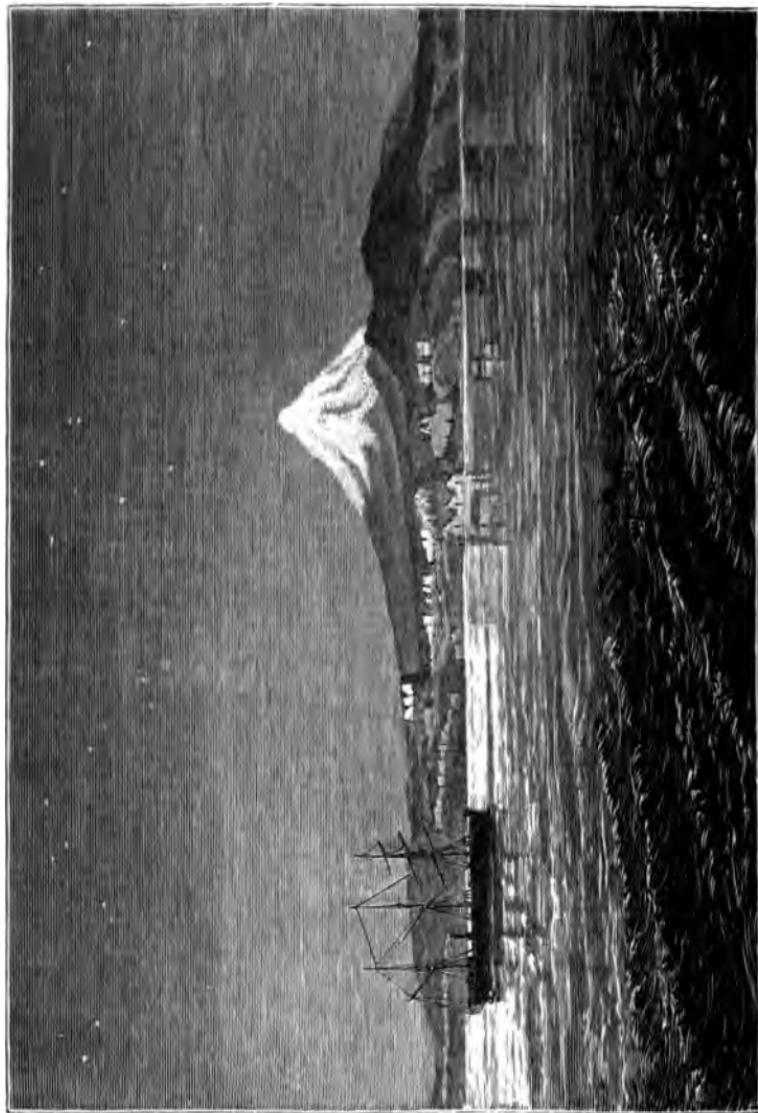
Still battling with the unseen foe,
The hissing waves, with fiercer flow,



Surge on,—but beaten back once more,
Leap wildly up with a baffled roar,
Then swirl, and eddy, and foam, and then
Recoil to gather their strength again.

Such is the scene on every side ;
The long white lines stretch far and wide :
While calmly, as smiling upon the scene,
The Manukau Heads stand, proud, serene,
Lifting their radiant peaks on high,
Towering up to the beautiful morning sky,
In their morning robes of purple and gold.
Thus stand they now, thus they stood of old,
Thus shall they stand through years untold,
Unchanged, whether storms sweep howling by,
Or the sunbeams laugh from the gladsome sky.

As our ship speeds joyously on her way,
I think how, on just such another day,
Another ship, as joyously
And proudly, sailed o'er the sun-bright sea.
A noble ship with a gallant freight
Of gallant British hearts ;—too late
They saw the peril, they knew their doom,—
One struggle, one prayer, then a watery tomb.
And the dauntless heart of the British tar
Knew how to die, and their last hurrah
Rang out, e'en above the breakers' roar,
As the *Orpheus* sank to rise no more.



MOUNT EGMONT, TARAKAI, NEW ZEALAND.

Weep not for the brave that are no more,
But weep for those on a distant shore,
Who, in lordly mansion, or cottage home,
Are looking to see their loved ones come ;
Waiting, longing, watching in vain
For those who will never come home again,
Who sleep in their billowy graves afar,
Their knell, the moan of the Manukau Bar.

MOUNT EGMONT BY MOONLIGHT.

A MIDNIGHT sky, whose myriad stars
Look down upon the lonely deep,
Where, 'mid the coldly glistening waves,
A ship at anchor lies asleep.

The long low line of the unknown shore,
That darkly stretches on either hand ;
While few, and faintly, and far between,
Gleam the lights of the watchers on the land.

There stately Egmont's snowy peak,
Meet centre for such midnight scene,
Dim, spectre-like, but half revealed
By the pale moonlight's ghostly sheen,

Wrapped in its glistening shroud of snow,
In weirdlike beauty rears its head,
While the chill night-wind's icy breath
Thrills through my heart with a nameless dread.

It was not thus I saw thee last,
Clad in the mystic veil of night ;
Then thy snow-crowned pinnacle flashed and gleamed
In the glorious, golden, sunset light,

As thy bright head rose triumphantly
Above the envious wreaths of cloud,
That through the day had vainly striven
Thy glittering loveliness to shroud.

Then, as I watched thy changing hues,
My life, like thee, seemed glad and bright,—
Now Sorrow's clouds are on my brow,
As o'er thee brood the shades of Night.

But lo ! lights gleam on the waters dark ;
Hear theplash of oars and the shouts of men,
Gay women's laughter, and children's screams ;
The labouring engines groan,—and then

A quiver that runs from stem to stern,
As the rush of waters is heard again,
And, with throbbing pulse, like a living thing,
Our good ship bounds o'er the billowy main.

The white spray dashes in sparkling showers
From her eager prow, at each onward leap,
While a moonlit track of silvery foam
Marks her lonely course through the midnight deep.

NELSON BAY.

A GLIDING ship on a silver sea ;
The morning breezes fresh and free ;
A radiant sun, from a cloudless height,
Pouring a flood of joyous light

On the rippling waters' bright expanse,
While the sunny beams, as they flash and glance,
Seem as longing to dive 'neath those limpid waves,
And explore old Ocean's dark treasure caves.

Softly, clearly cut 'gainst the morning sky,
The fair blue hills of Nelson lie,
Range after range, on every side,
Sloping gently down to the sunlit tide.

Range after range,—each mountain brow,
Clad in its sparkling robe of snow,
Rears its pure, bright, beautiful head on high,
Reflecting each tint of the pure bright sky.

And snowy crest, and blue mountain-side,
And the rippling waters' silver tide,
Are bathed alike in one golden haze,
One dazzling flood of morning rays.

But the shores draw nearer on every side,
And now, on a full and flowing tide,
We dash through the pass, 'twixt the sentry rock
And the strange low barrier, which tempest's shock
And the wild waves' rough incessant play
Serve but to strengthen day by day ;
Which wilful, wayward old Ocean forms
Against himself and his own wild storms ;
For though wind and waters may roar outside,
Within we float on a rippling tide ;
While above, bright gardens and lawns are seen,
O'erhanging the cliff with a fringe of green,
The cliff at whose very feet we glide,
So close, that the passing vessel's side
Might almost touch it ; and many a one,
From lawn or window, looks curiously down
On the stranger ship gliding swiftly by.
And now at the busy wharf we lie,
And bustle, and noise, and confusion tell
We must bid our vessel a long farewell.

Bright little Nelson, we look, at length,
On thy quiet hills, that, in quiet strength,
Stand round, as to guard the little town,

That, at their feet, nestles snugly down ;
On thy many smiling valleys between,
Winding up through the hills like a thread of green ;
On many a white bridge, where glistening streams
Catch the eye in sudden silvery gleams,
As they wind about o'er the sunny plain.
Bright little Nelson, methinks again
I see thee as then. I love thee well ;
Each breezy height, each ferny dell,
Are linked with memories that cannot die,
Of happy hours in days gone by ;
Of friends, whose kind eyes' welcoming light
Greeted the strangers that August night,
And, through six glad weeks' rapid flight,
Still made each bright scene seem more bright ;
Friends, whose names are linked for evermore
With thoughts of thee and thy peaceful shore.

TO A FRIEND.

FRIEND of my youth, if e'er, in years to come,
Thy thoughts upon life's path are backward cast,
Oh, may the memory of one loving heart
Be a bright link to chain thee to the past.

Oh, mayst thou ne'er forget the early friend,
Whose fondest, truest love was all thine own ;
Who linked thy name with all of purest, best ;
In whose young heart thine image reigned alone.

And doubt not, though, perchance, in distant lands,
Far, far from thee her path in life may lie,
Though ne'er again her hand may clasp thine own,
With silent love, as in these days gone by.

Though she no more may look on that dear face,
So linked with brightest memories of the past,
Doubt not, the heart that loved so fondly once,
Will never cease to love while life shall last.

Doubt not, where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er thy portion be while here below,
One heart will never cease to feel with thee,
Joy in thy joy, and sorrow in thy woe.

And if, perchance, that heart have ceased to beat,
If Death, ere then, have claimed her for his own,
Doubt not, her spirit hovers round thee still,
Still watches over thee, belovèd one ;

Still lingers by thy side when evening's hour,
With its calm loveliness and heavenly peace,
Steals o'er the world with gentle, soothing power,
Seeming to bid all care and sorrow cease.

And, dearest, in the stillness of that hour,
Which I, so oftentimes, have shared with thee,
Oh, let but one fond thought be backward cast,
And in that evening hour, oh, think of me.

May Heaven's best blessings on thy path descend,
And when, each year, this day shall come again,
May each one find thee happier than the last,
And add another link to joy's bright chain.

And, dearest, if in those far distant years,
Love, hope, and joy, thy happy portion be,
Still let one fond thought to the past be given,
And in thine hour of joy,—oh, think of me.

REST.

“I WANT no Paradise, but rest.”

True poet thou, who well didst know
The workings of the human breast,
The inward yearnings of its woe ;
For he whose weary heart’s opprest
With this world’s strife and wild unrest,
Wishes not, asks not to be blest,
Prays but for rest.

Not wild delight or rapturous bliss ;

Such joy may be for angels meet ;
His yearning spirit asks not this ;
To *him*, he feels, is naught as sweet
As *rest*—mere rest from cankering care,
From all the turmoil, strife, and glare
Of this wild world,—his only prayer,
“Give me but rest.”



THE DIVING ROCK, HOWICK.

“What friendly hand thus stayed thy downward course,
Thou giant tree ?”

TO A TREE, HALF FALLEN OVER
A CLIFF.

WHAT friendly hand thus stayed thy downward course,
Thou giant tree? What was the potent spell,
That thus could bind again thy loosened clasp,
And bid thee stay?—Far down the deep abyss
The wild waves roar among the sullen rocks,
And toss their foamy crests on high, as though
Old Ocean would do battle with the world.
And thou, for years, hadst stood upon yon cliff,
And gazed upon their fury,—what strange wish
Stirred in thy heart, impelling that wild leap
Into the dread abyss, as though thou fain—
Unknowing that upon those cruel rocks,
If thou hadst reached them, death awaited thee—
Wouldst headlong plunge, and bathe thy giant limbs
In their dark depths?—And what the unseen power
That stayed thy rash design? Perchance some thought,
Some tender memory of the happy hours,
When thou hadst stood on that familiar spot
And reared thy haughty head, and stretched aloft
Thy mighty arms to woo the laughing breeze,

And joyed in God's bright sunshine. It may be
That some such thought came o'er thee in that hour,
And made thee loth to leave the well-known spot,
Which, for so many years, had been thy home.
Then didst thou cling, with strong convulsive grasp,
As though for very life, to that dear sod ;
And still dost cling with fond tenacity,
As trembling lest some blast might sever thee
From all thou hold'st so dear.

E'en so, the man
Who takes the first step toward the abyss of sin,
Gazes with eager, longing eyes upon
The world's wild restless sea, eager to break
Each link that binds him to more peaceful scenes,
And revel, with exultant feverish joy,
In life's fierce tumult. Then there seems to steal,
Over his troubled spirit, a sweet dream,
A vision of the past ; he seems to hear
Again the echo of his mother's voice,
Loving and sweet, as when, in childhood's days,
She sought to train his infant steps to walk
In ways of holiness. A vision comes
Of sunny, peaceful days, and calm bright eves,
'Mid all the gentle influences of home ;
Then, as soft breezes wandering o'er the strings
Of an *Æolian* harp awake its chords
To pour forth strains of music, wildly sweet,
So gentle memories, wandering through his soul,
Awake responsive echoes in his breast,

And make him turn with yearning heart, once more,
And cling to that dear home. Then softer thoughts
Steal o'er his spirit, and he cries aloud,—
“ Roll on, ye dark waves, in your ceaseless strife :
I heed ye not,—your dazzling pleasures tempt
My wavering soul no more. I know ye now
For false and fickle as ye are. I know
That death and ruin are the fatal doom
Of those who trust to you. Leave me in peace,
Leave me to life’s true bliss ; no power on earth
Shall ever part us more, till it please God
That Death step in between us, and I reach
A better, surer home beyond the grave.”

THE MOURNER.

BRIGHTLY now the sun is shining,
Sweetly, too, the breezes play ;
Come, thou sad one, leave thy mourning,
Let thy soul rejoice to-day.

Weary, faint, and full of sorrow,
What heed I the sunlight's ray ?
Hush ! those laughing, whispering breezes
Do but mock me as they play.

See, the lovely ocean blushing
'Neath the sunset's farewell kiss,
And the tiny wavelets leaping,
Weep not, on an eve like this.

I see nought but seas of sorrow,
Where the billows wildly rave,
And my sun of joy and gladness
Long has sunk beneath the wave.

See, the evening shadows darken,
And the gentle queen of night,
With the stars, those silent watchers,
Shed their pale and beauteous light.

Now, indeed, I'll cease my weeping,
'Neath the moonbeam's gentle ray ;
This the only light for mourners,
Not the glorious light of day.

Gently softening Earth's dark shadows,
Beaming comfort from the skies,
She my spirit calms and strengthens
Ere the morning sun arise.

FIRELIGHT SHADOWS.

ALONE by the flickering firelight,
Watching the shadows fall—
The fitful, weirdlike shadows,
On ceiling, and floor, and wall.
And weirdlike fancies thronging,
And memories, sad and bright,
Steal out of the shadowy corners,
In the dim, uncertain light.
Bright faces of little children
Peep from the curtain's gloom ;
Glad voices, in laughing whispers,
Seem echoing through the room.

On the couch, plying busy fingers,
Sits a lady, calm and fair,
The firelight gleams and glistens
On her waves of soft brown hair ;
She smiles on the merry children
With a mother's loving smile,

Yet a dim prophetic sadness
In her large blue eyes the while.

And there, in the fireside corner,
In the great green elbow-chair,
Sits a loved form, bent and feeble,
With locks of silvery hair ;
The kind eyes seem to be resting
With a wistful look on me,
And, in spirit, I steal through the darkness,
And lay my head on his knee.

And the dear hand passes fondly
Over hair, and cheek, and brow ;
And the voice, so well remembered,
But for ever silent now,
Whispers a father's blessing—
But the flames with sudden glare,
Light up, with pitiless radiance,
The *empty* elbow-chair !

Now hushed are the children's voices,
And the bright young faces gone,
And instead, four stalwart brothers
Pass before me, one by one.
They stand as in merry converse,
In their manly strength and grace,
While the fire glows warm and ruddy
On each eager youthful face.

See, a gleam of light in the darkness,
As of white robes fluttering near,
And my name is softly whispered
In accents low and clear ;
And a girl, her fair brow circled
With a wreath of orange bloom,
Comes and lays her hand on my shoulder,
And smiles through the gathering gloom.

Five sisters we had numbered.
Three were taken long ago,
And we two had clung the closer
Together, in weal and woe :
But a stranger stands beside her,
He takes her hand in his ;
“Sister !” I cry, “ sweet sister !”—
She is gone !—nay, what is this ?

Still a gleam of white in the darkness,
And I strain with eager gaze,
And grasp—but a fluttering curtain,
Lit up by the fitful blaze.
The voices come faint and fainter,
From the group around the fire,
And the youthful forms are fading,
As the flickering flames expire ;

The air seems filled with a murmur,
Whispering, “ Farewell ! farewell ! ”

And silence and darkness cast over
My spirit a chilling spell.
For I know these are but shadows,
The forms long since have gone ;
And I sit by the fading firelight,
And murmur, " Alone ! alone ! "

PARTED.

AND thou art ill, and lone, and sad,
With none to soothe thy pain ;
And I, whose spirit longs to fly
To thee, must long in vain.

Ah, could that spirit but be free,
With heart and thoughts to rove,
Then would I hover round thee,
And o'ershadow thee with love.

Then should my love encompass thee,
Dear one, as with a spell,
And pierce, like sunlight, through the shades
That round thy spirit dwell.

Then would I lay a soothing hand
Upon thy weary brow,
And chase away each darksome cloud
That hovers o'er thee now.

Then would I bid thee but be brave,
And thou shouldst lift thine eyes,
And see, beyond earth's darkest clouds,
Still beam God's holy skies :

And seeing, break thy sorrow's chain ;
And we two, hand in hand
And side by side, 'neath those pure skies,
We two at length should stand.

And all the past, the hideous past,
Should be but as a dream
That haunts us through night's silent hours,
But fades with morning's gleam.

But though my longing heart thus yearns
To soothe thy spirit's pain,
I know, through all the weary years,
It still must yearn in vain.

It may not be, and I must leave
Thee, darling, to His care,
Who, surely, from His heaven of bliss,
Will stoop to hear my prayer.

'Tis well ! Another hand than mine,
Perchance, in days to come,
Will soothe thy griefs, make bright thy path,
And bless thy future home.

'Tis well! Let me but know thy bliss,
And I my life will live,
Blessing the hand that brought thee joy
It was not mine to give.

Blest if, through me, upon thy path,
Hath beamed one cheering ray,
One star gleamed through the darkling mist,
To light thee on thy way.

TO THE MISTLETOE.

HAIL to the merry Mistletoe !
The merriest spray that grows,
Brightening with frolic, fun, and mirth,
Old Winter's fog and snows.
Gaily the lads and lasses throng
Beneath thy mystic bough,
While fair cheeks blush, and sweet lips smile
At many a whispered vow.

Erst didst thou crown, with solemn wreath,
The head of hoary priest,
Now merrily thou deckest out
Our merry Christmas feast.
A priest thyself, Love's votaries
Come thronging to thy shrine,
Of thy love-garland seeking, oft,
A marriage wreath to twine.

While gleaming lights, and fairy strains,
And dancers' twinkling feet,
And all the gay, glad revelry,
Where Youth and Pleasure meet,
Make e'en most timorous lovers bold,
As 'neath thy shade they press,
And, laughing, snatch from lips most coy
The long-denied caress.

Laugh on, ye gay purloiners
Of sweet and stolen bliss,
But see ye keep the tally true,
A berry for a kiss.
And e'en as these twin leaflets,
Lovingly, side by side,
May those whose troths are plighted here,
Faithful through life abide.

TO THE LONDON JANUARY SUN.

FAIR London Sun, so delicately pale,
The weakest eyes might gaze and never quail,
Mildly thou shinest upon all below,
Too meek to dare more than a feeble glow.
Thy pale, sad face looks, deprecating, down,
As craving pardon from the mighty town
For venturing, with such levity, to beam
E'en this poor mockery of a merry gleam
Upon its gloomy mansions, foggy squares,
And dull and solemn round of sordid cares.
Yet still beam on ; e'en thy small glimmering ray
May cheer the darkness of a weary day
For some tired worker, toiling in despair
In a lone garret, longing for free air,
For fresh, sweet, country breezes, and bright skies,
For all the gifts that we so lightly prize,
Because we have them daily, hourly. Nay,
How oft, perchance, thy faint and feeble ray,
To some sad heart and desperate brain, may bring
Such visions of his happy childhood's Spring,
His pure, glad childhood, by his mother's side.

That he, who gazed upon the gloomy tide
With thoughts e'en darker than its cold dark wave,
Saved by such memories, has turned from that grave
Where broken, hopeless hearts so oft have cast
Their weary burdens down, and slept, at last,
The only sleep grief has no power to break,—
Has turned away for that sweet memory's sake,
And, stilled the bitter struggle, and the wild
Mad passion, humble as a little child,
As in those childish days, has knelt to pray
For help and strength, and then gone on his way,
Blessing the God who sent thy gentle gleam
To wake him from the horror of that dream.
Then still beam on, from out the murky skies,
Through smoke and fog ; and let me not despise
Thy feeble efforts, if they do but win
One heart from sorrow, or one soul from sin.

WON AND LOST.

WON.

HAIL to the sweet bright Spring, that comes from heaven
In blushing loveliness and maiden beauty,
To wake the sleeping Earth ! Lightly she steps,
Flinging her green robes o'er the bare brown woods,
Scattering her jewels over hill and valley,
Filling the air with perfume. At her coming
All things wake into life, and laugh to meet
Her beaming smile. Hail to the winsome Spring !
Hail to the glorious Summer, pouring light
And warmth and radiance on the gladsome fields !
The corn's green ripples turn to waves of gold
At her bright glance ; the fruit-trees bend beneath
Their luscious load ; and the Earth faints with bliss.
Hail to the gentle Autumn, that with sad
Reluctant footsteps softly walks the earth,
Lovingly decking out the fading year
With all her richest glory ; shadowing
The sultry glare of Summer with her soft
Grey tints, making Earth beautiful to die !

Hail to the pale cold Winter, with his mantle
Of snow, his glittering crown of icicles,
And floating veil of wreathing mists ! He comes
Wrapping the earth in robes of purity,
Tenderly burying the poor dead year
Beneath his soft white shroud ; and, scattering o'er
The black unsightly woods his crystal gems,
Silently passes on. Old Winter, hail !

Hail ! hail to all things bright and beautiful,
To all the thousand things that, from God's earth,
Laugh up to the blue sky ! The flower-decked fields
Smile in their conscious loveliness ; the birds
Fill all the air with music ; crystal streams
Leap from their springs, and bubble into joy
In the sweet sunshine ; and my heart with them
Leaps in its gladness, for—my Love is mine !

My Love is mine ! still o'er and o'er I say it,
Lingering upon the words, as I gaze down
Into the tender depths of those dear eyes,
Those winsome, pleading eyes that, laughing shyly,
Look fondly into mine. My gentle flower !

Mine own to love, to cherish, and to tend,
Through all the long glad years. These small white
hands—

So small, I scarce can feel them as they rest,
Like two twin snowflakes, trustingly in mine,—

These are mine own, to clasp as now I clasp them
Through all life's journey, till Death us do part.—

Hush ! hush ! I will not speak that word ; my heart

Grows cold at the mere thought ;— Death will not come
To part us ; no, Death could not touch my darling,
My sweet bright Love ;—away the traitorous thought !—
My soul is full of gladness, brimming o'er
With untold bliss : as, hand in hand, we roam
Through the green woods, and in the flowery dells,
Or, side by side, float, in our white-winged bark,
Upon the tranquil bosom of the lake,
Or down the river's rippling tide, my heart
Cries out aloud, to fields, and woods, and waters,
“ My Love is mine ! ” and they, soft murmuring,
Seem to take up the burden of my joy,
And answering echoes seem to float around,
From flowers, and streams, and whispering forest trees,
“ Thy Love is thine ! ”

LOST.

SOFTLY as chime of bells at eventide,
Memories of other days come o'er my soul,
Still with the sad refrain, “ Gone, gone for ever ! ”
Yet long-lost voices come again to me,
And well-known footsteps seem to echo round,
And gentle arms are clasped about my neck,
And soft hands tenderly put back the hair
From off my weary brow, with the old touch,
The old fond touch of days too well remembered,—

And my heart leaps to meet them.—Ah, vain dreamer !
All, all is silent ; 'tis thine own heart's throbbing
Thou hearest in the stillness, not the steps
Of those thou lovest ; 'tis the night wind's breath
That whispers, rustling, through the jasmine boughs,
And lifts the hair from off thy aching brow ;
And thou art all alone !—O God ! O God !
Alone, alone through all the weary years,—
And Thou art merciful,—yet hast Thou **taken**
My all of joy ; the sweet bride of my youth,
The starlight of my life, whose angel presence
Made me more holy, for that she was by,
With her pure, innocent, trusting eyes, that seemed
To read my very soul. And still I see
Those sweet eyes everywhere, where'er I turn.
Even as through yon cloudy veil, the stars
Beam tremblingly, with a soft tender light,
So, through the mists of years, my darling's face
Comes back to me, and seems to look upon me
With eyes of tender, yearning love. The lake
On whose still breast we two, like happy children,
Through the long summer days, beneath the bright
Glad summer sky, drank our full cup of joy—
And not unthankfully, O Lord, Thou knowest,—
In every wavelet that laughs up at me
From its blue sparkling depths, seems still to bear,
One only image, o'er and o'er repeated,
The face of my lost Love. It gleams on me
From out the shadows dim of the old trees,

Making the darkness light with its sweet radiance,
And, through the forest arches, as I walk,
That form seems evermore to move beside me,
And the soft echoes of that silvery voice,
In rippling laughter, or in grave sweet talk,
Fall on my ear, and sink into my heart
With a great yearning pain, a passionate longing
To look once more, in life, on that dear face,
To hold once more that living, breathing form
Unto my breast ; and then, upon the night,
Madly I stretch my pleading arms, and clasp—
Blackness and darkness,—on the mournful air
The murmuring river, moaning, breathes thy name,
And all the voices of the night make answer,
Wailing forth, “Gwendoline ! lost Gwendoline !”
And have I lost thee?—Oh, my Love ! my Love !
Thou wert so bright, so beautiful, I thought
Death could not touch thee. Oh, my Love ! my Love !
Waking or sleeping, evermore my heart
Is with thy memory, and mine eyes rain tears,
Till they are well-nigh blind with bitter weeping.
The gladsome Morn, that, on his radiant wing,
Bears joy to the whole world, brings to my soul
One only happiness, in that I know
That I am one day nearer to my Love :—
The star-crowned Night, as she glides o'er the earth,
Whispering Peace, is welcome to my spirit,
Because, in dreams, she gives me back my Love.—
But I awake! How long, O Lord, how long

Ere, in Thine infinite mercy, Thou wilt send
Thine angel, Death, to lay His gentle hand
In pity on this weary passionate heart,
And still its beating? ere in the far realms
Of fadeless light, I and my long-lost darling
Stand, once more, face to face, and almost doubting
My scarce imaginable bliss, I gaze
Into those eyes, and clasp her once again
For evermore mine own?—How long? how long?

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

BEAUTIFUL lilies, so pure and white,
 Bearing a ray of the glad spring light,
 A dream of the summer sky,
 Into the dark and wearisome gloom,
 That shrouds the day in the lone sick-room,
 As the hours lag wearily by.

Hanging sweet heads, like tremulous bells,—
 In each delicate cup methinks there dwells
 A fairy of light and love,
 That whispers, “ No creatures of mortal birth
 Are we : we spring not from sordid Earth,
 But drop from the bowers above.

“ When, flake by flake, the beautiful snow
 Fleated down, and covered all things below
 With its veil of purity,
 ’Mid the soft white flakes unseen we fell,
 In the bosom of Earth awhile to dwell,
 Till the Spring should set us free,

“ To bless pure hearts and innocent eyes,
 With a joy as pure as the glad spring skies,
 That look down with smiles of love ;
 For well they know how 'twas ours to grace,
 Erewhile, those azure fields of space,
 In the spirit-land above.”

Ah, clustering lilies ! I love you well
 For your own sweet beauty, the witching spell
 Of your delicate loveliness ;
 But yet still more, for the sake of him,
 At thought of whom mine eyes grow dim
 With a passionate tenderness ;—

Of him who loved those pure white sprays
 Above Earth's queenliest flowers, in the days
 That are gone for evermore.
 Yes, he gazes now on those sister flowers,
 That ye left above in the heavenly bowers,
 On the far eternal shore.

And yet for another cause I dwell
 So gladly upon each fairy bell,—
 For the kindly heart and hand
 Of the friend who brought these bright spring flowers,
 To soothe the gloom of my suffering hours,
 Beside my couch to stand,

To cheer my heart and glad mine eye
With all their exquisite poetry.

And whene'er, o'er hill or dale,
In future years, these flowers I see,
I'll think of him who brought to me
These first sweet "Lilies of the Vale."



LILIAN.

SHE wandered forth, beneath the shadows dim
Of the great kauri forest, all alone ;
There cast her down, in utter loneliness
And weariness of life, on the damp soil,
Amid the withered leaves ; her slender frame
Convulsed with passionate sobs, her fingers twined
Among the delicate ferns, which, ruthlessly,
They, all unconscious, plucked and crushed. At length
She raised her head, and wearily looked around
Upon the dim and beautiful solitude,
And its calm grandeur seemed to awe her soul
To stillness. Every varied form of beauty
Was lavished there, in all the wild luxuriance
Of tropic climes. Lo, here great forest kings,
Rearing their proud heads and their giant stems
Haughtily heavenward. There, huge parasites,
Whose serpent coils enfold the mightiest trunks,
Crushing out heart and strength, nay, very life ;
Rearing their own huge limbs, in insolent triumph,
Above the wreck, until the massive stems
And spreading boughs of that which once had been

A tiny, thread-like creeper, clinging fast
Unto the friendly trunk, at length outrival
The proudest monarchs of the forest : such
The giant Rata-tree.

There sways the sweet
Wild clematis, that flings from bough to bough
Its delicate wreaths of green, and snowy clusters
Of starry blossoms. And the sunbeams gleam
And dart among the fern-trees' tremulous fronds,
Which, quivering in the breeze, seem to shake down
Bright showers of sun-flakes on the maidenhair,
And thousand delicate ferns and fairy mosses,
Like mimic forest trees, that deck their roots
And carpet all the ground. Awhile, entranced,
She gazed on all the silent loveliness,
Till heart was full, and eyes were brimming o'er
With weight of so much beauty. Suddenly,
Through the o'erhanging boughs, fell echoing
A few, clear, bell-like notes, so passing sweet,
They seemed to fall, in all their wild sad sweetness,
Straight through the clustering leaves, upon the heart
Of her who lay beneath.

That simple sound,
As sights and sounds most simple oftentimes will,
Seemed to break down the floodgates of her sorrow,
And all her passionate grief burst forth afresh.
“O God !” she cried, “how vast, how beautiful,
Is this Thy mighty forest ! yet how lone,—
E'en as Thy world, which Thou hast made so fair,

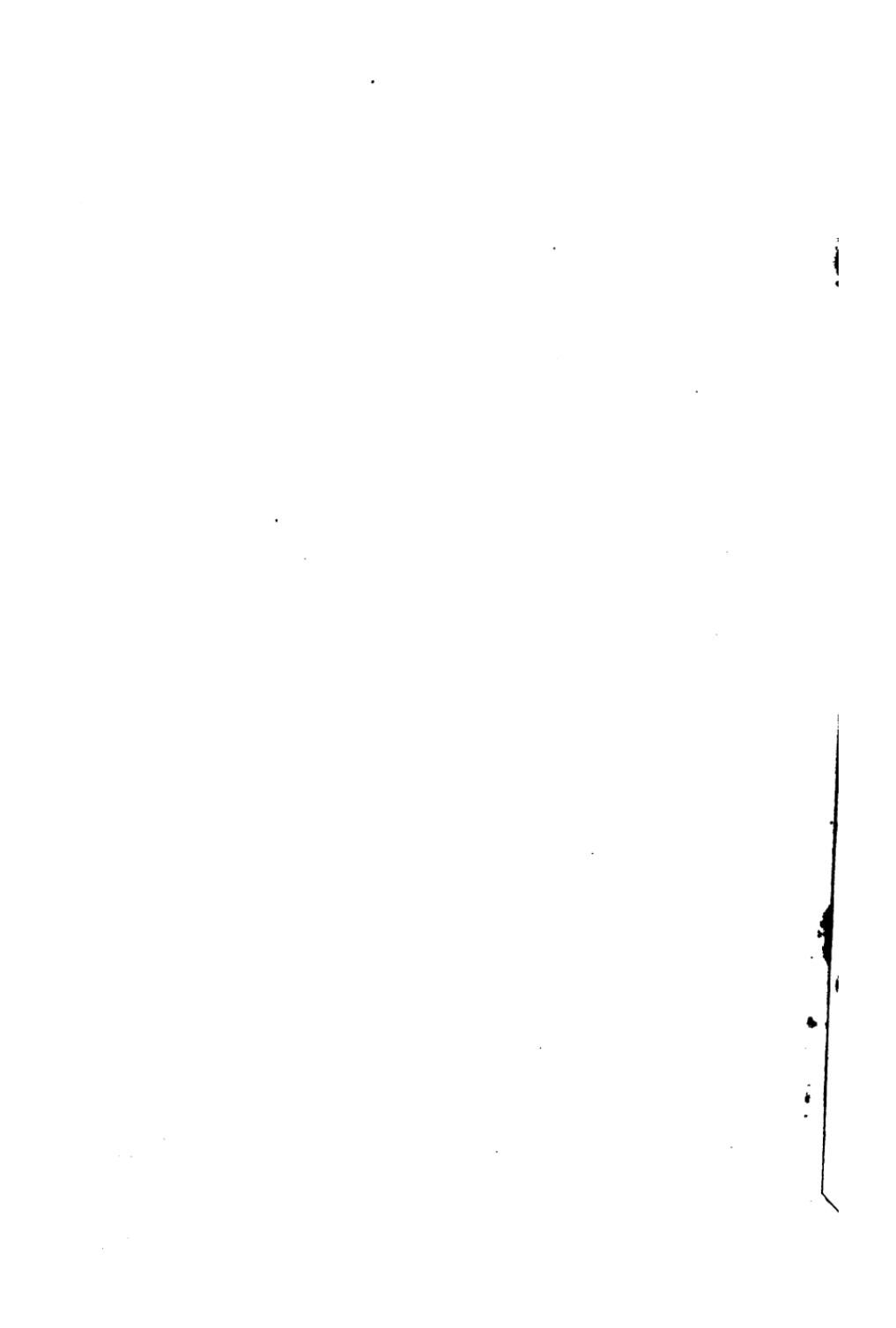
So full of life and love to all Thy creatures,
Bird, beast, and insect, yet to human hearts,
Hearts, like mine own, yearning for that great gift
Of love, sweet human love, so utterly lone.
Yet, Father ! God ! forgive Thy thankless child ;
Have I not *Thy* great love to hedge me round
With infinite tenderness ?—what need I more ?
Yea, Father, take me to Thy sheltering arms,
And I will be content." But ah, how vainly
Do our weak human hearts strive to content
Their yearnings with the Unseen, the Infinite.
Children of Earth, albeit sons of God,
We needs *must* seek some earthly resting-place,
E'en on our way to Heaven ; we needs must cling
Unto some human heart like to our own.
Nor deem I aught unworthy in this need :
Are we not all in God's own likeness made ?
And this "large love that fills the human heart,"
Is it not His own gift, of His own essence ?
Shall it not raise the hearts He thus has joined,
With stronger yearning, heavenward, eager, both,
To lay the burden sweet of their great bliss,
Thankful, before the throne of Him who gave it ;
That, bathed and purified in the deep fount
Of Everlasting Love, *their* love may be
Made perfect and intensified, and thus
God's love encircle all ; and those two souls,
As one, move on together through all Time,
And through the endless fields of Infinite Space,

Throughout the great Hereafter, forming ever
One harmony of deepest, fullest joy ?

Thus she wept on, for she was all alone,
Alone on God's wide earth. Father nor mother,
Sister nor brother had she on whose love
To rest, to clasp her soul's love-tendrils round,
And solace her heart's yearnings. Years ago
She had loved one—had loved and lost,—and since,
Her heart, it seemed, lay buried in that grave ;
For many sought her, yet to none she gave
The love they pleaded for : kind words to all,
And gentlest pity gave she,—more than this,
She sadly said, she had it not to give.
And thus the years had passed, and, in her heart,
The fount of love, thus turned, not quenched, flowed on,
With deeper flood and fuller tide, through all
The dear home channels. Scarce more than a child
Was our fair *Lilian* when her gentle mother
Lay down to die, bidding a long farewell
To all she loved on earth ; and since then she,
The eldest born, right faithfully had striven
To fill that mother's place, and her bright spirit,
'Mid all the loving cares and gentle duties
Of sweet home life, had scarcely giv'n a thought
To other ties, but having loved once, since
It had pleased God to take her Love, had turned
In all its sweet young freshness to the home
She loved so well, pined not her life away

In selfish sorrow o'er hopes unfulfilled,
Nor ever dreamed of the long loneliness
That might be hers in the far future years.
Now all, alas, was changed, she was alone :—
Brothers and sisters scattered far and wide
Through stranger lands ; the father she had loved
With all the passionate strength of her young soul,
And who had loved, with more than common love
Of parent for his child, that gentle daughter,—
Him she had seen, with scarce believing eyes
Of wild despair, borne from her clinging arms,
And from the home he loved, and laid deep down
In the dark grave,—had kissed that pale, cold brow
That warmed not at her touch ; while those dear eyes
That ne'er had failed to smile with answering love
Into her own, now heeded not her call
Of agonized entreaty ;—calm he lay
In peaceful slumber, as though recking nought
Of his child's misery.

The months sped on,
Winter and Spring had passed away (old Time
Stays not his flight for sorrow or for joy),
And then, with the bright summer days, came one
Who pleaded tenderly for the sweet gift
Of Lilian's love,—one whose strong arm was able,
As his true, manly heart was all too willing,
To shelter and protect the lonely girl.
Only that morning he had stood before her,
Pleading with passionate entreaty for





Hours had passed on,
And still she lay there, when lo, suddenly
A sound aroused her, as of crackling branches.¹¹

Lidian.

One little word of hope ; and she, poor child,
Had fought hard battle ; she had looked deep down
Into her heart, to see if aught of love
Was there, and found it not ; and yet she yearned,
For very loneliness and weariness,
To yield herself unto that sheltering love,
That haven of sweet rest ;—ah ! might she not ?
She was so weary, and life was so long.—
But, “No,” she thought, “peace ! selfish, coward heart !
What ! shall he give me all the priceless gift
Of a true man’s true love, whole, undivided ?
And for this wealth of love shall I give back
Esteem indeed, and friendship strong and true,
Regard and gratitude, but for a *heart*,
Only the poor remains of one that died
Long years ago, and now but pines for rest ?
Nay, woman’s heart, be strong, be true.” And so
She bade him go, and when he lingered still,
With desperate pleading, as for very life,
Firmly, though sadly, and with tearful eyes,
She said, “I love you not,—it may not be.”
And he had gone ; and as the last faint echoes
Of his departing footsteps died away,
Her spirit died within her, and scarce knowing
Whither she went, or why, she’d wandered forth
Into the great, dim, lonely forest,—there
Had laid her down to weep.

Hours had passed on,
And still she lay there, when lo ! suddenly

A sound aroused her, as of crackling branches.
Swift to her feet she leaped, and would have fled,
When, breaking through the tangled underwood,
He stood before her, pale, and wan, and weary.
One moment paused he, as in doubt, then by
Some sudden impulse swiftly gained her side,
And gently, tenderly taking her hand
Into his own, he spoke :—“ My love,” he said,
“ My heart’s one only love, have pity on me.
Darling, I know thou lov’st me not ; I know
Thy heart is buried in the grave of him,
The one love of thy youth ; yet hear me, Lilian :
Give me but the sweet right to call thee mine,
To wrap the sheltering mantle of my love
Around thee, and to guard that dear, dear head
From all life’s cruel storms ; I ask no more ;—
I am content to wait, dear, doubting not
That the great love I bear thee will, some day,
E’en though I wait long years for the sweet gift,
Win me the priceless treasure of thy love.
Come to me, darling ; lay that golden head
Upon the heart that yearns to hold it there,
And cherish it for ever. Speak one word,
One little word, my love.” And she—she spoke not ;
But as a little bird, with strength all spent,
And weary wing, sinks tremblingly to rest
Within the safe warm shelter of her nest,
Or like a tired child, she laid her down
Within those circling arms, laid her poor head,

All trustingly, upon that broad strong breast,
And was at rest.

The evening sunbeams slanted gently downward
Upon the pair : the Bell-bird, once again,
Let fall through the o'erhanging boughs his notes
Of liquid sweetness ; the white-throated Tui
Poured forth his song of love ; the Moka-moka,
Sweet mimicker, gave back the soft low tones ;
The evening breezes whispered murmuringly
Through the still forest depths ; while he looked down
Into that loved face, daring scarce to breathe
Lest he should break the spell, lest he should wake,
And find it but a dream.—There let us leave them :
'Tis holy ground.—But say, was Lilian wrong ?

LINES WRITTEN AT SYDNEY.

It was a Sabbath night in a strange land ;—
The distant murmur of the crowd that thronged
The streets of the great city reached my ear,
Softened and mellowed into harmony
With all the thousand other sounds that formed
One indistinct and unfamiliar chorus.
But far above all, through all the strange sounds,
From far and near, from many a sacred tower,
Rang out the sweet church bells, now low, now loud,
With all their many-toned tongues sweetly blending
In one harmonious discord. Now and then,
Solemn and slow, and note by note, pealed forth
The clear, sweet tones of some old well-known hymn ;
Then, startling the hushed and listening air,
Suddenly, on the stillness of the night,
Clashed out “the beautiful wild chimes.” Before me
Lay the still waters of that wondrous harbour,
The world-renowned, beautiful Sydney Bay.
A mirrorlike expanse, that, in and out,
With many a twist and curve, by many a gulf
With wood-crowned banks, and many a tiny bay

Where flowery lawns sloped to the very verge
Of the sweet rippling waves, wound its bright length
Far as the eye could see, toward the great Ocean
That lay without ; while rocks and wooded islets,
Scattered about in hundreds, seemed to sleep
Upon its silvery breast ; and the dark hills
That stood around it, watching o'er its beauty,
Rose up against the quiet evening sky,
Brilliant with countless groups of gleaming lights,
Where stately mansions and bright cottage homes
Clustered, in strange and picturesque disorder,
Upon their many slopes and terraces :
Or where some church poured floods of softened radiance
Through painted Gothic window and arched door,
Whence strains of holy music, stealing forth
From vaulted aisles, solemnly mingled with
The myriad voices of the night. The hills,
E'en while their shadows fell across the bay,
Darkening the bright face of the moonlit waters,
Seemed thus to pour long streams of light far down
Into the shadowy depths : while to and fro
Flitted the low, dark, swiftly gliding forms
Of busy steamboats, passing and repassing,
Now darting into light, then suddenly
Vanishing into shadow ; where the lamps,
Of bright and varying hues, that decked their masts,
All save themselves invisible, now flashed
Hither and thither through the darkness, seeming
Instinct with their own life, like phantom lights,

Flitting about in a bewildering maze,
A many-coloured, ever-changing dance ;
While, now and then, the loud discordant cry
Of the shrill whistle shrieked out startlingly
Through the night air, like some mysterious warning.

So beautiful and strange the scene, it seemed
Faintly to realize my Fancy's picture
Of Venice and her gondolas ; and then
My spirit ranged through all the far-off scenes
I oft had dreamt of, though scarce hoped to see,
In distant lands, and thought, with keen delight,
How soon these very eyes should gaze upon
Those scenes of classic memories : how soon
These feet should tread the very soil that heroes
Of olden time had trod : should look upon
Imperial Rome, throned on her seven hills ;
Florence, the shrine of learning and of art ;
Beautiful Naples, sleeping on the shores
Of her own lovely bay ; and dark Vesuvius,
Rearing his cloud-capped head and threatening form
Amid the smiling landscape, breathing fire,
Death, and destruction from his mystic caverns,
Muttering hoarse thunders, filling all men's hearts
With awe and dread of the mysterious power
Imprisoned in his caves, and waiting but
The merest word of Him who holds the lightnings
Within the hollow of his hand, to pour
Ruin and death on all the fertile plain

That sleeps below in calm tranquillity
And thoughtless fearlessness.

Yet 'mid the thrill
That moved my spirit at the thought, there came,
As borne upon the wings of the night wind,
A sudden breath of home, that seemed to sweep
The chords of my heart's memories, waking there
A yearning for the dear familiar spot,
Which now, in all its beauty, seemed to stretch
Before my longing eyes : its waving willows
And stately gums,* whose every leaflet gleamed
And quivered in the moonbeams' silver flood,
Like myriad twinkling stars ; while the long shadows
Lay dark and heavy 'thwart the moonlit lawn ;
And the soft night-breeze whispered, rustling, through
The trembling cedar boughs, and wafted round
The pure fresh scent of the sweet hawthorn bloom
That lay, like snow-wreaths, on each dark green hedge.
And the datura flung its faint sweet perfume
Upon the air ; and the acacia trees,
White with their gleaming mass of snowy blossoms,
Tossed their scent-laden branches, scattering fragrance
On all around ; and the blush roses hung
Their clustering heads, heavy with dew, beneath
The moonbeams' kiss ; and the owl flitted past,

* The "blue gum-tree," whose glossy leaves, hanging very loosely, are never still. This perpetual movement, with their glossiness, gives the effect, in the moonlight, of the branches being covered with *twinkling* lights, like stars or glow-worms.

Silent and dark as midnight, then alighting
Noiselessly 'mid the dark trees, on a sudden
Wailed out his strange, wild, melancholy cry.
Then, looking down across the sloping lawns,
Over the swaying tree-tops, lo, there lay
The beautiful sea, half shadow and half brightness,
Whose silver-twinkling waves' low murmurs seemed
Whispering strange secrets to the listening night,
And glanced and sparkled 'neath the moon, as though
Showers of stars had dropped into the waters
From the blue vault above ; while far away,
Beyond the radiant flood, lay dark Waiheki,
A sleeping shadow, 'twixt the sea and sky.
Sweet Hawthornden, in all thy bright Spring beauty,
Would I could see thee now !

While thus I seemed
To stand, in spirit, 'mid those well-known scenes,
With the great longing came a trembling dread,
Lest this first step in strange and unknown paths
Might lead me helplessly, and all unwilling,
Far, far from all these things I had so loved,
That held my life's best, dearest memories,
Its brightest joys, its holiest sorrows, and
By new and unknown influences, my life
Be turned from those familiar ways for ever.
Might it not be ?—So strangely all things change
In this strange world, but set one foot beyond
The old accustomed path, and lo ! the morrow
May find **us** changed, so that our very selves

Should scarcely know our own new selves.

Thus thinking,

I raised my eyes to the o'er-arching vault,
That, with its tranquil stars, bent o'er me, seeming
To look upon me with the unchanged glance
Of old days long ago, and one bright star
That I had oftentimes watched slow-rising o'er
Those far-off hills, as my eye rested on it,
Seemed to smile down into the very depths
Of my sad spirit, seeming thus to say :
“ *We* are unchanged ; we, bending thus o'er thee,
Bend also o'er the scenes thou lov'st so well.”
Then, at that moment, on the silent air,
Singly, the bells peal forth a soft low tune,
A sweet familiar hymn of bygone days,
So clear they almost speak : “ Abide with me !
O Thou who changest not, abide with me ! ”
Then my heart, soaring beyond stars and sky,
Flies to the foot of the Eternal Throne,
And prostrate there, in childlike faith and trust,
Echoes those simple words, “ Abide with me !
O Thou who changest not, abide with me ! ”



THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF COLA
DI RIENZI.

SCENE FIRST.

“ROME! Rome! my country, thou once peerless queen,
How art thou fallen!—On thy seven proud hills,
Erewhile thy throne, thou sleepest now—a slave!
And I, a Roman, live.—Oh, could my tears
Cleanse but one drop of all the seas of blood
That stain thy soil, my country—blood that flows
Like water through thy streets, and—shame, oh shame!—
Blood shed, not by thy foes, but by the hands
Of those who call themselves thy sons, by those
Whose proudest boast and dearest care should be
To guard their country’s freedom;—if, I say,
Man’s tears could cleanse, e’en but one single stain
Of blood thus foully shed, oh, I would weep
Such torrents that, proud Tiber, e’en thy stream
Were small beside the rivers that should flow
From my indignant eyes. But this is not
A time for tears, or idle words of grief,

But for stern purposes, and sterner deeds.
O hero spirits of my ancestors !
Are these your sons—these coward, dastard hearts,
That crouch, submissive, 'neath the tyrant's yoke,
And tremble and turn pale at the vile tread
Of hired barbarians—hearts that dare not raise
An arm for freedom, or uplift one voice
Unto high Heaven against the thousand wrongs
That hourly wring the life-blood from the heart
Of this poor bleeding land ? And ye proud lords,
Unnatural children, whose vile hands have plunged
The poisoned steel e'en in your mother's breast,
Dare ye to tell me ye are Romans ?—No !
For, by the heaven above us, if ye were—
If that proud name were meet for such as you—
I would not be a Roman.—But, beware !
The time will come, nay, even now draws nigh,
When Rome shall lift once more her stately head
Among the nations of the earth, and reign
Once more a queen, as in the days of yore :
When Rome's free people shall again be free,
And hearts shall swell with honourable pride,
To bear the name of Roman."

Thus he spoke ;
A youth who wandered by the classic shores
Of Tiber ; while his dark eyes' kindling fire
Told of the spirit proud that reigned within,
And swelled with bitter grief and shame, to think
That Rome, *his* Rome, for whom he would have given

His heart's best **blood**, could thus have fall'n so low.
He was a youth of noble **presence**—one
Of those who seem as born to rule the world.
High intellect and **majesty** sat throned
Upon his lofty brow, that bore the stamp
And impress of the royal race, whose blood
Flowed in his veins ; for of a kingly line
His father sprang ;—yet, not of this the boy
Was wont to boast, but rather gloried in
His mother's humbler origin, and loved
To conn the ancient poets of his land,
Who sang of Rome, and of the glorious days
When Rome was free, and when her hardy sons
Bowed to no tyrant's yoke, but took their part
In council and in war. And oft he dreamed
Those happy days might come again, and prayed
That his might be the hand to lead his country
Back to her ancient glory.

By his side,

Loving companion of his wanderings,
There stood a boy of fairer, gentler mould ;
Love beamed in his sweet eyes, and joyous youth
Shone forth in every feature ; he was loved
By all who knew him, for his gentle nature
And his fond, trusting heart : and he, the youth
Who stood beside him, loved him with a love
All the more deep and tender, that he felt
He needed some strong heart to lean upon,—
For he was fair and fragile as a girl,

And scarce seemed fit to breast the storms of life,
But rather like a tender flower that grew
Beneath the shadow of a mighty rock,
That rock, a brother's love. For all may see
By the deep love that binds those two young hearts,
That though of mould so different, yet they bear
The self-same name. That name, though humble now,
In future days shall echo through the courts
Of palaces, while kings turn pale with awe,
And nations gaze with reverence on the man,
Who, by his mighty genius, thus hath wrought
A work so strange and wondrous, that they scarce
Can deem it true.—Know, then, that name—Rienzi !
At length the younger boy, who long had watched
With wistful eye his brother's moody brow,
Thus spake : “ My Cola, tell me why so sad,
And why the clouds thus gather on that brow
That ever has been wont to smile on me.
Tell me the thoughts that thus their shadows fling
Upon thy changing countenance. Thou know'st
That though of feebler frame, less daring soul,
Than thou, my brother, yet I, too, love Rome,
And love to hear thee tell of former days
Of greatness, when our mother, Rome, was queen
Of nations, and when no proud tyrant lords,
Orsini or Colonna, trampled down
Her free-born sons, staining her fairest streets
With the rich life-blood from her children's hearts.
And well I love to hear thee speak of days,—

Days yet to come ; of all the cherished hopes
And ardent longings of thy noble heart,
To be thy country's saviour. Yet full oft
I tremble, Cola, lest thy precious life
Should be imperilled. Be not rash, my brother ;
Oh, think how dear thou art to all our hearts !”
A tender smile then for a moment played
Upon the brother's lips, then changed to one
Of noble pride and steadfast confidence.
“ Nay, tremble not, fair brother,” then he said,
“ For I am destined by the God of heaven,
An humble instrument in His strong hand,
To rid this land of her oppressors ; and
I shall not fall until the glorious work
Hath been accomplished : for His unseen power
Shall guard my onward path, and guide my steps,
Until the end be gained, and Rome be free.
And when mine eyes have seen that longed-for day—
Seen Rome once more the empress of the world ;
Her sacred pontiff, father of our faith,
Seated once more upon St. Peter's throne ;
While Peace and Plenty bear their gracious sway
Where Ruin now and Desolation reign ;
When robber bands no more shall dare to prey
Upon her peaceful land,—when comes that hour—
Then welcome death—I am content to die.
What, trembling still, my brother ? nay then, list,
And I will tell thee of a vision strange
I had but yester-eve. Thou know'st I love

To wander, lonely, on these peaceful shores,
My books my sole companions, there to read
Of ancient heroes and the palmy days
Of Rome. 'Twas thus I wandered yester-eve,
And eager conned the history of those times
As told by Titus Livius. There I read
Of the first Brutus, who o'erthrew the power
Of the false Tarquins, and who spared not
E'en his own sons from death, when guilty found
Of plotting 'gainst the liberties of Rome.
Then read of Mutius and his noble band
Of Roman youths ; of Cincinnatus, too,
And faithful Regulus ; and so passed on
To the proud days of Cæsar, when our land
Had reached her highest pinnacle of glory.
And then I turned to Horace, him who sang
Of Brutus, second of that glorious name,
Who slew his own best friend for love of Rome.
And as I read, I cried, with swelling heart,
'Ah, these were Romans ! breathes there now one man
Thus worthy of the name ? O Father Tiber,
Thou hast beheld these glories, and thy voice,
As sad I watch thy yellow waves rush by,
Seems ever to mine ear as murmuring
A dirge for Rome departed.' While I spake,
A sudden voice fell on my startled ear ;—
'Wake dreamer,' thus it cried : 'of what avail
To sit and idly weep o'er glories flown ?
Up, and be doing !—Rome hath need of thee—

Thy country calls thee—wherefore art thou here?'
I raised my eyes, and lo, a female form
Stood close beside me. She was wondrous fair,
But a strange light was gleaming in her eyes,
A look of terror and of wild despair,
As one who long had fled from cruel foes,
And found no resting-place. And yet there sat
A majesty, and a sweet native grace,
Upon that brow, from which the long dark locks
Were backward flung ; and as she spoke, she raised
Aloft her snowy arms, as though to plead
Unto high Heaven to avenge her cause.
And then she cried in thrilling accents, 'See,
I am that Liberty who once in Rome
Held her proud throne on the Aventine hill.
There have I reigned for centuries, and while
I yet held sway, though storms might howl around,
And clouds might darken, yet Rome could not perish.
And though, at times, my throne has tottered, yet
Secure in the true hearts and strong right hands
Of Roman citizens, I trembled not :
For, ever, if a tyrant dared to raise
His arm against me, then uprose a Brutus
To strike for Freedom and for Rome. But now—
My altar is thrown down ; the laurel wreath
Torn from my brow ;—Colonna and Orsini,
Rome's tyrant nobles, trample on my throne,
Defile my temple, and deride my name ;
While, sheltered by their bolder spirits, e'en





“Where now is Rome ? Behold the wasted form
That once was here,”

Rienzi. Scene 1st.

Those reptiles vile, Savelli, Frangipani,
All the more false and cruel for their weakness,
Have dared to raise their serpent heads and hiss.
And when I looked around upon my people,
The people I had loved, and sought to find
In their true hearts defenders, as of yore,
With fear-blanch'd cheek, and quailing eye, they slunk
Like whipped hounds to their kennels ; not one man
Was left of all my Romans, who would dare
To strike one blow for Liberty, the name
For which their fathers fought, and bled, and died :
Then, with a cry of rage and grief,—I fled.
Where now is Rome ? Behold the wasted form
That once was hers ! —I turned, and there beheld,
A prostrate female form, that lay beside
A shattered throne ; while, broken, by her side,
There lay what once had been a regal crown.
E'en now upon her wasted face she bore
The wreck of former beauty. Her fair limbs
Were loaded with vile chains, that bound her fast
Unto a marble pillar, on it graved—

‘COLONNA.’*

Stamped with this haughty name, it reared
High toward insulted Heaven its lofty head ;
While, round her prostrate form, the loathsome beasts
Of the wild desert prowled, trampling her limbs ;—

* The banner of the Colonna family was a *white pillar* on a dark ground, emblematic of their name ; that of the Orsini, a *Bear*, for the same reason.

Gaunt bears and yelping jackals ;—the foul crew
Of hissing serpents twined their horrid coils
Amid her lovely hair ; and all around
Hordes of barbarians stood, and, jeering, mocked
To see her fall'n so low.— Yet, oh, great Heaven !—
Strangest of all strange sights,—e'en in this state
Of utter, hopeless misery—she slept !
Yes, with those serpent hisses in her ear,
Those bleeding wounds upon her fettered limbs,
As though of all unconscious—lo ! she slept !
I gazed in horror ; then that strange wild form
Once more addressed me : ‘Ay, behold, she sleepeth !
Now, Roman, be it thine to rouse once more
The hearts now dead in sloth and slavery :
Thine be the mission high. For me, I flee,
To seek, perchance in the far frozen north,
The home denied me here ; for not one spot
In all the fair Campagna have I found
To rest my weary foot. Yet, ere I go,
I come to make one last appeal to thee
For Liberty and Rome : for, yesternight,
Methought I heard a voice from heaven, that cried
That yet there beat, in Rome, one faithful heart,
Yet breathed one Roman who disdained to bow
The slavish knee to haughty tyranny.
I asked his name—that name was *thine*, Rienzi.
And therefore am I come, to call on thee,
By all thou hold'st most sacred ; by the manes
Of those departed heroes, whom thou lov'st

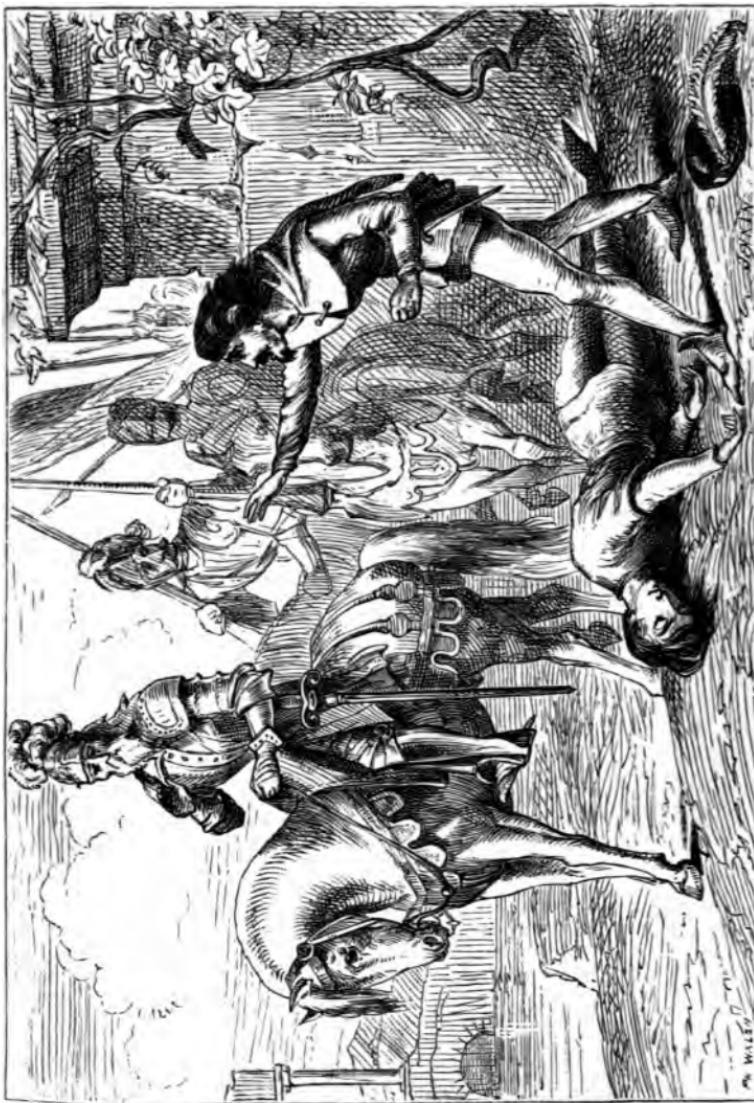
To read of ; by the memory of the days
Of glory now departed,—to arise,
And to restore once more my shattered throne
On Aventine's proud hill ; there to rebuild
My ruined temple, and to cleanse the seas
Of blood that desecrate my altars. Thus
Shalt thou restore again Rome's ancient glory ;
Thus shalt thou seat her on her once proud throne,
As Queen of Nations.' Thus she spoke, and vanished.
And then methought I heard a voice from heaven
That cried, ' Arise ! fear not, for I am with thee ;
Fear not, the Eternal City cannot die ;
Rome yet shall be restored ; only do thou
Be faithful, steadfast, true ! ' Then all was still.
Now, brother, called thus by the God of heaven,
Unto this glorious work, dare I hold back ?
Or can I shrink from peril ? " " Brother, no !
Heed not my coward fears ; 'twas but my love
For thee that made me tremble." For awhile
The two walked on in silence ; then, at length,
Young Cola cried, " I do remember me,
'Twas but last night I promised the good friar
To seek him at the convent ; I must go,
But do thou tarry here a little space
Until I come again."

An hour passed on,
And then, with thoughtful brow, the young Rienzi
Retraced his steps, till he had well-nigh gained
The spot where he had left his brother. Hark !

Then I said to the child, "I have a
small book of poems, and I will give it
to you, and when you have read it, you
will be a man." The child said
he would not, and was very much in terror—
but I said, "Mother, you are foolish, for
you have not given him the book of stories
which you told him in the first place
when he was a baby. Then I had read a poem
which I had written, and the earth of God,
the sun, the mountain, when I had written it
I had a picture of it in my mind, and this
poem and the picture have the same meaning.
Mother, when you write down the poem,
Mother, when you write down the number-words
of the poem, and put the on and the are
and the could, could he not, had, toward, wait
that picture be young heart through and join clasped
that pale, quivering corpse.

What pen can tell
The horror of that scene! The boy lay dead,
The red blood streaming from the fatal wound,
And dying to one crimson hue the grass
Around the spot, clotting with his own gore
The child's long silken ringlets: on his arm
Hung a bright garland of fresh mountain flowers,
And emblems of the pure and innocent heart
Of him who called them. Kneeling by his side





In speechless agony, Rienzi bent.
When lo ! a glittering band of lords and knights,
As they swept past, reined in their fiery steeds,
To gaze upon the scene. Foremost of these,
There rode a stately, grey-haired chief ; to him
Rienzi cried, half choked with passionate grief,
“ Justice, my Lord Colonna, justice ! see,
My brother, but a child, thus foully murdered.”
Then spake the aged chieftain. “ What, young Cola !
Nay, who hath done this foul deed ? An Orsini—
Thou shalt have justice, boy.” E'en as he spoke,
A little band of warriors returned,
Dusty and hot, and weary from the chase.
Then he who seemed their leader, as he looked
Upon that lifeless form, and the pale youth
Who knelt beside it, cried, “ What, young Rienzi !
Nay, by my faith, I deemed not it was he.
How came he, then, among the rabble throng
Of Martino di Porto, whom, but now,
I scattered, and, in scattering, slew the boy ?
I grieve for the mischance, but he hath brought
His death upon himself. Here, boy, is gold ;
Take it and pay for masses for his soul.”
“ Gold ! ” cried the youth, “ gold for a brother's blood !
'Twas *thy* hand slew him. Justice, then, Lord Stephen,—
Justice, for thou hast promised it ; I will
Have justice.” “ Hush, be calm, for seest thou not
This was an error ? Much I grieve for thee,
But such the chance of war. On, sirs, for Rome ! ”

So passed they on, with crest and nodding plume,
And all the pomp and panoply of war.

What cared they, in their pride, for the wrung heart
Of the plebeian boy, or for the bright
Young life that they had taken?—So they passed, .
And left him there, alone beside the dead.

The last red beams of sunlight lingered still
• On Aventine's dark hill, and touched with gold
The ruined fane of ancient Liberty,
And broken columns of the once fair temple
Of Juno, Queen of heaven; while dark and stern,
Looming against the glorious sunset sky,
In solemn state, rose proud Janiculum;
And far beyond, o'er all the rich Campagna,
The fair soft tints of the departing day
Passed with their changing hues. Old Father Tiber
Flowed on his course, one flashing stream of gold,
His murmur mingling with the mighty roar
Of the great city; while the holy bell
Pealed forth from many a convent far and near,
Borne on the silent evening air, in tones
Of soft sweet music. But he heard them not;
One voice alone rang echoing through his heart:
It was his brother's blood that cried to him
Out of the reeking earth, and called for vengeance.
Nought saw he of that glorious sunset scene;
He saw but his young brother's lifeless form
Stretched on the crimson sod; and as he thought

Of all his gentleness, his winning ways,
In the deep anguish of his soul he cried,
“ My brother, oh, my brother, how shall I
Bear to thy mother this dark tale of woe !
How tell her that her fairest flower has perished,
Cut off in life’s young bloom ! How can I bear,
Lonely, to live this weary life without thee !
My brother, gentlest, best, my only friend,
Sweet guardian angel of my sterner soul,
Not e’en thy youth could save thee.—God of heaven !
Will they not give us justice ? Time shall show.”
Then he arose, and lifting up to heaven
His right hand, crimson with his brother’s blood,
He spoke not, but upon that stern, pale brow
One word of fearful import seemed as traced
In characters of fire—that word, “ Revenge ! ”

SCENE SECOND.

AGAIN a sunset scene, but now no more
Upon the peaceful river’s bank, but ’mid
The throng of the great city. See, on high
Waves the proud standard of the Roman state,
The star-bespangled banner. Bright it gleams
In the full glory of the western sun,
Which gilds with splendour e’en the frowning mass
Of Rome’s dark Capitol, its dungeons drear
And battlemented walls, and sheds a flood

Of light upon the heaving multitude—
The eager, upturned faces that, like waves,
Sway to and fro, throughout the vast quadrangle,
Known as the great Place of the Capitol.
Through this vast multitude, this living sea,
Runs a hoarse murmur, like the muttered roll
Of distant thunder. All men fix their gaze
Upon the great gate of the Capitol, then turn,
With eager, questioning glance, each to his neighbour,
As though to ask what this strange scene may mean.
For 'twas but yesterday at noon was heard
A solitary trumpet, whose shrill blast
Echoed through every street of the great city ;
And then a herald's voice proclaimed aloud
"That one, by name 'Rienzi,' had convened
The Roman people, to provide a code
Of laws for the good state of Rome." 'Tis said
That all the night Rienzi passed in vigil,
And prayers that God would bless the holy cause.
And some ever that through the midnight hours,
When all the city had seemed hushed in sleep,
Lights were seen streaming from St. Angelo's,
And through its echoing aisles voices were heard
Chanting the sacred hymn of Liberty.
Such are the whispers that, in earnest tones,
Have passed from man to man ; and now they wait,
Trembling with eager, anxious expectation,
Till *he* appear.—Hush ! lo, he comes—a silence
Deep as the grave falls on that vast assemblage

Of surging human hearts ;—no word is spoken,
Their very breath seems stilled at sight of *him*,
The people's Idol.—Lo, can this be he?
Rienzi, the pale student boy, whom last
We saw kneeling beside the lifeless form
Of his young brother. Ay, 'tis he : behold
Once more that lofty brow, though darker, sterner,
Than in those youthful days ; the same calm look
Of power, and majesty, and intellect
Is on that brow, as in the days of yore.
Still do those dark eyes flash with kindling light,
Responsive to each motion of the soul
That reigns within. That mighty, giant soul
Seems formed to be the ruler and the guide
Of nations, and to cope with all the powers
Of darkness and of tyranny that reign
In this devoted land. As calm he stands
Amid the warring elements, he seems
The great presiding genius of the storm,
Directing, guiding, curbing at his will
Men's fiercest passions. Since those boyhood's days,
The mighty dream that filled his youthful brain
Hath never faded from his manhood's sight :
Grown with his growth, and strengthened with his
strength,
It hath absorbed his soul, his very life,
Till his whole being is one mighty longing
To free his country. For this he hath toiled,
To this he hath devoted heart and brain,

And energies, and life ; and now, at length,
His earnest soul hath woke an answering echo
In every Roman heart ; and every tongue
In Rome invokes a blessing on the name
Of Cola di Rienzi, Freedom's champion.
And now, behold, he sees the hour draw nigh,—
His hour of triumph ; sees it in that throng
Of hushed expectant faces, on whose brows
Is stamped a look of high resolve, and proud
Defiance of their tyrants. His quick eye
Sweeps o'er the crowd with one swift, searching glance,
And then his proud breast heaves, his dark eye lights
As with a glow of triumph.—But a moment,—
And then with calm composure, and a grave
Majestic mien, and steadfast eye, he moves
On to the platform ; while beside him stands,
Clad in his priestly robes of office, one,
Raimond, the holy bishop of Orvieto,
As though to sanction with his presence this,
The holy cause of Liberty. And now
From earth to heaven ascends one deafening shout
That seems to rend the air—“ Long live Rienzi !
Long live the people's friend ! ” He, with a gesture,
Prays them for silence ; then his clear, rich tones
Echo from end to end of that vast space,
While all men listen, breathless, as he speaks.
He tells them of the glorious days of old,
When equal laws held good for prince and peasant ;
When the patrician's purple was not wont

To hide the steel of the assassin ; when
No man could dare to shed his brother's blood,
And hope to go unscathed ; and then he tells
How that his very soul is wrung with anguish
At thought of all the thousand miseries,
Beneath the fearful weight of which, his people,
His own loved Romans, groan, and at the sight
Of all the blood of innocent victims shed
In wanton cruelty and insolent pride,
While they, the lordly murderers, live on,
Live on to glory in their deeds of shame.—
Awhile he pauses, and his darkened brow,
Flushed cheek, and kindling eye, methinks, give token
That he, in thought, beholds again that scene
So long gone by, yet to that brother's heart
For ever present—the swift-flowing river,
And the pale, lifeless form beside it, whence
The rich blood ebbs in torrents, while in vain
He pleads for justice.—Now again he speaks,
And tells them how that he hath sought among
The ancient records of the Roman city,
And chosen thence such laws as he has deemed
Most suited to their needs. And then a herald
Proclaims aloud, to the assembled throng,
The code of laws thus chosen. Then a shout
Bursts forth, and seems to ring from earth to heaven,
“ That these, and these alone shall be the laws
To rule the ‘Buono Stato.’ ” Now a voice,
Amid the throng, is heard demanding silence,

And thus, amid the hush of thousands, speaks :—
“ Friends, fellow-Romans, ye have chosen well :—
Such are the laws that evermore should be
The guardians of your liberties. But now,
Where shall we find a ruler, who, with firm
Unshrinking justice, strong integrity,
And wisdom, will administer the same ?
What man is there among us meet to bear
The rule in this good state ? ” Then all the people,
As with one voice, cry out, “ Behold him here—
Rienzi ! He whose wisdom framed the laws,
His be the hand to wield the sceptre, his
The head to guide us.—Long live noble Cola !
Long live the king of Rome ! ” But quickly then
He rises, and, with earnest tone and gesture,
Cries, “ Nay, not so, my children : Rome is free ;
She hath no need of kings, nor would I be
Another Tarquin. No, my high ambition
Shall be to earn the noble name of Brutus.
My people, oh, my people, would to God
That ye would learn a nobler love of freedom,
Than that which leads ye, when but just escaped
From tyranny, with childish haste to plunge
Into the same abyss, with but a change
Of name ! Nay, Romans, if ye will indeed
That mine should be the hand to rule your state,
Hear now my words.—Nor Consul, nor Dictator,
Those haughty titles of patrician lords,
Shall e'er be coupled with Rienzi’s name.

I am the People's Friend,—thus ye have named,
And ever shall have cause to name Rienzi.
But if ye deem it needful that the man
Whom ye have chosen now to guide the helm,
And steer your vessel through the stormy waves
That for so long have threatened to o'erwhelm
The liberties of Rome, should be invested
With formal titles ; if ye deem that thus
The better will he be empowered to check
Unruly spirits, and preserve that peace
And order in the state, which now alone
Can e'er secure her liberties and laws,
And raise her to that dignity and power,
Her name unto that glorious place, that once
They bore among the nations,—be it so :
But let that title be such as will show
That ye are free ; and that your ruler is,
And ever will be, chosen by yourselves,
One of yourselves, to carry out *your* laws,
To rule but for *your* good. Such title once,
My countrymen, was borne in ancient times,
By men thus chosen from among the people
To be the guardians of their freedom, when
Oppressed by wealth and power ; such title now
May well become your leader, such alone
The title I will bear, the glorious name
Of 'Tribune of the People.' Then arises
Once more a mighty shout, "Long live Rienzi !
Long live our noble Tribune !"

Yon glorious orb of day, that slowly sinks
In the far west, amid the purple clouds,
Gilds, with his last declining rays, this scene,
Rienzi's triumph hour ; but as he sinks,
Another sun arises : on that city
Breaks the bright dawn of a more glorious day,
And Freedom's sun, uprising, pours its rays
Into the darkened chambers of those hearts,
Whence hope and life had seemed crushed out for ever.
And the last lingering beams of daylight fall
On a whole people, who, with one accord,
Uplift their eager hands toward God's heaven,
And take the solemn vow, binding themselves
Henceforth to strive with heart and hand to aid
The ruler they have chosen, to support
The liberties and laws of this new state ;
Pledging themselves, if need should be, to shed
E'en to the last drop of their heart's best blood
In their defence.

Now see, they all advance,
And, one by one, they take the formal oath
Of true allegiance to the 'Buono Stato.'
Then slowly they disperse, and he alone
Is left of all the throng, while silence reigns
Where late the tumult of ten thousand voices
Arose upon the air.

Thoughtful he stands ;
And who can marvel if a flush of pride
Mantles in that pale cheek ; for now the goal,

The object he has longed and striven for,
Striven through years on years of patient toil,
Seems now within his grasp : he sees at length,
In his freed country, his own wrongs avenged.
No tyrant foot treads now the streets of Rome ;
The haughty chiefs, Colonna and Orsini,
With false Savelli, cruel Frangipani,
And the foul crew of hideous birds of prey
Who follow in their train, drawn from afar,
As vultures to the carriion, by the scent
Of blood that fills the air,—these all are banished,
Nor dare to enter now the gates of Rome.
While of the lesser nobles, 'mid the throng
Who bent the knee, but now, to do him homage,
He had marked many who, in former days,
Had laughed to scorn, and trampled in the dust,
The lowly name of Cola di Rienzi.

And yet—bethink thee, Tribune ;—doth no doubt,
No voice of warning, whisper in thy heart,
That he who trusts the people might as surely
Trust his rash footsteps on the treacherous waves
Of ocean, tossed by every changing wind ?
Though now they worship thee, as all but God,
And for that *thou* hast given them the name
Of Freedom for their war cry, are content
Awhile to sport with this new plaything, yet,
May they not weary of thy cause, thyself,—
Nay, turn, perchance, at some new voice, and rend

The very hand that now they kneel to kiss
With frantic joy and reverence? Ah! methinks
Some such foreboding casts, e'en now, its shadow
Over his brow; for lo, he turns and gazes,
With troubled look, on that gaunt mystery
Of ancient times, the great basaltic lion,
Which, for so many years, hath stood beside
The staircase of the Capitol; as once,
Beside the green banks of that ancient river,
The sacred Nile, it stood, a silent witness
Of unknown rites, the strange and vanished forms
Of a past faith. And here, too, it hath gazed,
With the same stony glare and hideous grin,
Upon dark scenes of suffering and death;
When the doomed wretch, doomed, by the laws of men,
To yield the life God gave, from hence hath taken
His last look of God's earth, and sought in vain,
Among the cruel throng, for but one glance
Of softening pity, ere he closed his eyes
Upon the glorious light of day for ever:
Then, shuddering, turned with loathing from the sight
Of that vast sea of eager human faces,
Whence every spark of gentle human feeling
Had fled, and on all sides, his anguished gaze
Has met but scorn and hate: and thus has died,
Amid the curses of a thousand tongues,
The prayers of—ah! how few: yet surely, he,
If ever man hath needed, needed them.
Such is man's mercy!

These things thou hast seen,
Dread statue ; nor such scenes as these alone ;—
For thou hast seen the pomp and pride of kings
And emperors go by, amid the smiles
Of servile crowds, and fawning sycophants,
And all the fluttering pageantry of courts.
These things, and thousand others hast thou seen,
And hast kept silence ; even as the grave,
In whose dark bosom the unuttered secrets
Of buried thousands lie, ne'er to be yielded
Until the last great day.—But hark ! he speaks :—
“ O mystic symbol of a vanished creed,
Thou who hast treasured in thy stony breast,
For ever silent, dark, inscrutable,
The secrets of past ages, canst thou tell
Aught of the future ? Canst thou look afar,
Through the dim vista of forthcoming years,
And tell what fate may yet await Rienzi ?
I know not why, dread image, but thy form,
So dark and terrible, for ever mingles,
With fearful meaning, in my midnight dreams,
And seems as ominous of coming ill ;
As though it said, ‘ I have beheld thy triumph,
And shall, ere long, behold thy downfall.’ Speak !
Speak, if thou canst, and say what destiny
Awaits my country and myself, for both
Must rise or fall together.—But I rave,—
Thou knowest nought ; nor, knowing, couldst thou tell
What fate may have in store. Time, time will show.”
Ay, Tribune, time will show.

SCENE THIRD.

'Tis early dawn ; far o'er the eastern hills
Morn's rosy daughter comes with fairy step,
To rouse the slumbering earth with her soft touch
And gentle, loving kiss. Eternal Rome,
Enthroned amid her seven ancient hills,
Lies calmly sleeping, her fair, stately beauty
But half revealed in the dim morning light,
Half veiled in darkness. Wrapped in slumbers deep
Lie now those eager thousands, who, ere long,
Will throng the busy streets, with thoughts intent
On all the cares of struggling human life,
And human passion ; and the mighty city
Is silent as a "city of the dead."

But one—at this still hour—*one* sleepeth not ;
Lo, at the palace window, stands he now,
Gazing abroad upon the sleeping city
With thoughtful sadness. For the third time now
We look upon that form,—but ah ! how changed !
Years, in their rapid flight, have come and gone
Since last we looked upon him : time and care
Have laid no gentle hand upon that brow,
For silver threads are thick and plentiful
Mid the once raven hair, and the broad brow

Is seamed with many a line of care, and grief,
And weary, anxious thought. But the dark eye
Gleams still with fire unquenched ; the master spirit
Has still the power to frame, the will to dare,
Vast projects, at the very thought of which
All meaner spirits would shrink back dismayed,
O'erwhelmed with terror. Well we know that form,
Rienzi,—older, careworn, and more sad
Than in those early days,—but still, Rienzi !
Now, by the changing light in that dark eye,
Methinks that Memory, with her fairy wand,
Weaves her mysterious spells, leading his thoughts
Back, step by step, throughout life's lengthening chain,
Bringing back visions of the vanished past,
The scenes of bygone years : once more he sees
That bleeding form beside the river's bank,
Himself, as, pale with passionate agony,
He knelt beside it ; feels, as then he felt,
The burning thrill of rage and grief that stirred
In his young heart at sight of that loved form,
And those, the lordly murderers, who gazed,
Unmoved, upon their own foul work, and then
Passed on in all their pomp and pride of power,
Heedless, as though the lives of fellow-men
Were but the dust beneath their feet ; he hears
His own wild cry for vengeance, raised in vain,—
In vain to man, but not in vain to God.
For lo, another page of Memory's book
Lies open now before him ; that dark scene

Is past ; another scene unfolds before him,—
That which had seemed the dawn of brighter days
For Liberty and Rome ; when Hope had told
A flattering tale of glorious days to come,
Of Rome restored unto her own high place
Among the mighty of the earth ; when he,
The steadfast champion of her liberties,
Was chosen by the eager voice of thousands
To be the guardian of her laws.

'Tis past,—
With saddened mien, lo, Memory turns again
Another page ; and ah ! how changed, how dark,
The scene that now he looks on ! Lo, a city,—
Florence, the fair, the beautiful, the Queen
Of learning and of art : all silent now
Those streets erst busy, where were wont to throng
Thousands from every nation under heaven,
Bearing to this, the shrine of Intellect,
The richest gems of mind. All silent, too,
The notes of pleasure, which erewhile had rung
Echoing from marble palaces and halls :
Blacker than night the pall of gloom and horror
That hangeth o'er that fated city.—See !
Forth from yon portal, see, what loathsome form
Creeps with slow, lingering, painful step ?—A man !
Yet scarce that shape deserves the name of man :
A haggard, quivering mass of foul disease,
That, for one moment, raiseth up to heaven
A livid, fleshless arm, then, uttering

One shriek of wild despair and agony,
Falls prone, a lifeless heap, alone, untended,
Beneath that very portal which had once
Thronged with a brilliant train of gay retainers,
Eager to be the first to welcome him,
Their lord and master. And, on every side,
Scenes such as these appal the shrinking heart.
What means it? Wherefore, through the silent streets,
Thus hastes the solitary traveller,
With hurrying footstep, casting anxious looks
Of terror on those heaps of pallid corpses
That strew his onward path, himself well-nigh
As pale as they? Behold the fearful token
That tells the tale of horror!—Look around,
Behold and tremble!—Lo, the blood-red cross,
That glares alike above the palace portal,
And humble cottage door,—that sight proclaims,
Louder, more terribly than words can speak,
“The Plague!”

Amid this scene of death and horror
Rienzi, gazing still on Memory’s page,
Beholds himself; but ah, how changed, how fallen!
A lonely, wandering, homeless fugitive,
An exile from his country, shunned by all,
As one who lay beneath the fearful ban
Of excommunication; wandering lone,
Through the deserted and plague-stricken streets
Of Florence; meeting only on his way,
Those hurrying forms, that flit, like shadows, through

The silent streets ; unknowing and unknown,
Feeling himself more ghost-like, more unreal
Than aught around him ; as though life were but
A troubled dream, and he himself the shadow
Of that which had been and was now no more.

Then onward Memory leads him, till he reaches
Maiella's mountain hermitage, his home
For twelve long months, where 'mid the lonely hills
He dwelt, and brooded o'er the brilliant hopes
He once had cherished ; of the perished empire
He once had dreamt that he might yet restore ;
Dreams doomed to vanish like the morning mist ;
Hopes well-nigh faded, yet not quite extinct,
For Hope, poor man's last comfort upon earth,
Is hard to yield, and still for ever springs
Within the human breast, though faint and fainter,
As heavier and darker, and more frequent,
The dreary clouds of disappointment thicken
Over our lives, and hide its rainbow hues
From our poor yearning eyes. Then onward still
In thought he journeys, till he stands, at length,
With firm, undaunted mien and haughty brow,
Confronting Charles, the haughty Emperor,
In his own court at Prague—bearding the lion
E'en in the lion's den. Then onward still,
Unto that ancient city, Avignon,
The refuge of the Papal court when driven
Exiled from Rome, to seek in foreign lands

Security and peace, where, unmolested,
Saint Peter's proud successor, with his train
Of haughty cardinals, voluptuous priests,
And servile flatterers, might devote themselves
Unto that life of ease and luxury,
Of pomp and yice, wherein the Papal court
Hath ever equalled, nay, surpassed, the gayest
Of European courts. Thither Rienzi,
With heart and hopes elate, and faith unshaken
In his own high, peculiar destiny,
Secure of gaining favour at the hands
Of Innocent, the Roman Pontiff, trusting
The justice of his cause, had blindly hurried
To seek the help he needed, and had found—
A dungeon !

This the scene that Memory now
Presents before his mind ; this hour of darkness
When every hope had seemed extinct, and he,
Betrayed, imprisoned, loaded with vile chains,
Lay weary-hearted, crushed in frame and spirit,
Awaiting death. But see, a ray of light
Gleams now on Memory's page ; that noble prey
Not yet was destined to supply the greed
Of the rapacious monster, Death. Once more
Behold him free—nay, more than free, triumphant,—
Surrounded with all honour, welcomed by
The shouts of thousands, who, on every side,
Greet him, their only hope, once more restored
To them and Rome ; while old and young invoke

Heaven's highest blessings on the head of him,
Their own loved Tribune, Senator of Rome.

Hours have passed on unheeded, while Rienzi
Gazed thus, entranced, upon the vanished scenes
Of his past life : but while the flush is still
Upon his cheek, the light of joy and triumph
Still gleaming in his eye, a sound is heard
That comes from far, like to the distant roar
Of ocean waves, or the hoarse, muttered roll
Of coming tempests. At that distant sound
Rienzi's cheek grows pale ;—'tis but a moment,
The next, a proud light flashes in his eyes,
His haughty head he lifts more haughtily,
And, with clenched teeth, he mutters, " Let them come,
Ay, let the traitors come, and do their worst :
Rienzi can but die—but with him dies
The last, last hope of Liberty and Rome.
Yet no, it cannot be ;—Rome, Rome, my country !
Not thus, ah, surely not by traitor hands
Canst thou be doomed to perish."

Thus he speaks,

When hark ! a hurrying footstep on the stair,
And a quick eager voice, " What ho ! Rienzi ! "
And lo, an arm'd knight, breathless with speed,
Entering the chamber, cries, " Haste, fly, Rienzi !
E'en now the populace rush hitherward,
Maddened with fury, thirsting for thy blood ;
Thy gates are all deserted—thine own guards,

Bribed by thy foes, have falsely fled and left them.
Then tarry not, fly ere it be too late.”
To him Rienzi, with calm, steadfast tone,
Replies, “What, I, the people’s friend, to fly
From mine own people ! Nay, it may not be.
Hark, even now, the cry, ‘*Il Popolo !*’
Is that a cry should blanch Rienzi’s cheek ?
Nay, friend, Rienzi flies not from the people,
The people for whose sake his heart and life,
And all his soul’s best, highest energies
Have evermore been spent. Nor do I fear
The end of this strange tumult, for I feel
That the great, holy cause of Liberty
Cannot be doomed to perish : no, the cause
Of Rome and Freedom once again will triumph,
And while they stand, Rienzi cannot fall.”
But lo, a loving arm is twined around him,
And a sweet winning voice cries, “ Nay, my Cola,
Trust not the people,—they are false and fickle,
And changeable as ocean’s breast ; too oft,
Too oft already has thy generous heart
Confided in their love and gratitude,
And found them empty names. Dost thou forget
The time when, through the day and night, tolled forth
The great bell of the Capitol, and tolled
In vain, to summon Roman citizens
To arm in their own cause ? Dost thou forget
The craven silence that alone replied
That day to thine appeal, the quailing looks

And panic-stricken faces of the few
Who ventured forth in answer to that call ?
How many, Cola, of thy grateful people,
Stood by thee then ? Wert thou not forced to fly
From home and country, and to wander long,
A homeless fugitive, in foreign lands ?
Ah, Cola, think of this, and be not rash ;
Nor trust thy precious life among that throng
Of maddened beasts of prey. Nay, hear me now ;
And if thou carest nought for thine own life,
Nor for thy Nina's love, yet, Cola, think,
Rome yet hath need of thee, nor can she spare
One true and faithful heart, like that which beats
Within thy bosom. Think'st thou that there breathes
One single man fitted to fill the place
Thou wouldst leave vacant ? No, I say, not one.
Then, for thy country's sake, if not thine own,
Fly, ere it be too late." While thus she speaks
His stern eye softens, and he bends and clasps
His arm around that fair and fragile form,
Gazing with deep, unutterable love,
And a strange, yearning sadness in his look,
Into that pleading face ; but though his voice
Is low and sad, yet firm, unwavering,
He speaks the fatal words : " No, dearest, no.
It is in vain, sweet wife, it cannot be ;
Rienzi cannot fly,—come death or triumph,
Here I await its coming : not again
Shall men have power to say that in the hour



"How many, Cola, of thy grateful people
Stood by thee then?"

Rienzi, Scene 3rd.

Of danger, Cola di Rienzi fled.
But, dear one, do *thou* go, this is no' place
For such as thou. Hark! nearer, every moment,
Comes the wild tumult ; let me feel, at least,
That *thou* art safe ; my Nina, dearest, best,
Farewell ! Friend, if thou lov'st me, bear her hence
Unto a place of safety." Then he bends,
And pressing one long, lingering, passionate kiss
On those pale lips, quivering with agony,
He strives to put her from him, but in vain ;
With all the strength despair can give, she clings
Unto his arm, and cries, " I will not leave thee :
Oh, bid me not depart ; if thou must die,
I will die with thee. Think'st thou I could bear
To live without thee ? Cola, I have shared
Thine hour of triumph ; I have shared thine hour
Of deepest peril ; I have joyed with thee
When the bright sun of glad prosperity
Beamed on thy path ; and with thee I have wandered
In want and exile ; I have shared alike
Thy pleasures and thy pains,—have shared thy life,—
Shall I not share thy death ? or can'st thou think
That it were aught but joy, with thee to die ?"
" My own brave Nina, speak not thus of death :
Our cause will triumph yet ; for truth and justice,
And God Himself are on our side. Fear not,
Thou yet shalt see Rome and Rienzi triumph."
" Then I will share that triumph ; 'tis in vain—
They shall not tear me from thee ; let thy fate

Be what it will, or victory or death,
That fate shall still be mine."

Scarce has she spoken,
When the hoarse, mingled roar of many voices
Announce, too plainly, that the maddened throng
Have reached the palace gates : then, with one struggle
He frees himself from that still clasping hand,
And then, committing to the friendly arms
Of him who stands beside them, that dear form,
And pressing one last kiss on the pale brow,
Turns, and is gone.—With one swift leap he gains
The balcony beneath, and stands alone
Before the raging multitude ; while they
Seem, at the sight, to pause and shrink dismayed.
So calm he stands, with such a majesty
Upon his lofty brow, and so unflinching
The glance of his dark eye, that the vast throng
That, but a moment since, surged madly on,
In their wild thirst for blood, now hushed and silent,
Stand, as if awe-struck, spell-bound, gazing on him.
Rienzi marks the change, a gleam of hope
Arises in his breast, knowing how oft,
In former days, a few short words from him
Have quelled as fierce a tumult. Like the torrent
Of a swift mountain stream, which, onward rushing,
Heeds not what obstacles impede its course,
But dashes ever on, o'erleaping some,
And bearing others with resistless force
Onward and downward, wheresoe'er it will,

So doth his strange and marvellous eloquence
Bear all before it. This he knows full well,
And now determines once again to try
The power of that rare gift. "My friends!" he cries,
But ah, too well his foes both know and dread
That fatal gift of eloquence, and scarce
Has the first sound of those clear tones rung out
Amid the silence, when a voice is heard
Among the crowd, "Nay, Romans, hear him not;
Trust not his honeyed words:—down with the traitor!
Remember the Gabella." Then a yell,
As of incarnate demons, answers it;
And, broken now the momentary spell
That seemed to chain them, the mad throng once more,
With tenfold fury, rush upon their victim,
As one has seen a mighty, giant wave
Pause for one moment with uplifted crest,
Then, with a roar of thunder, fall upon
The doomed ship. Thus, surging wildly on,
They dash against the palace gates; and strive
With blows from axes, hammers, clubs and stones,
With any weapon that first comes to hand,
To break their massy bars; then for one moment
Recoil again but to renew their strength.
He seizes this brief moment, and displaying,
In his right hand, the gonfalon of Rome,
The star-bespangled banner, Freedom's flag,
Once more essays to speak: "Hear me!" he cries,
"Hear me! I am a Roman like yourselves,

A fellow citizen,—” They heed him not.
But hark ! a cry is heard, “ Way for the torches !”
For now the crowd divides, and lo, they come,
A band of frantic fiends, more devilish,
If such can be, e'en than the demon throng
Already surging with insensate fury
Around the Capitol ; and see, they bear
Aloft those flaming weapons of destruction,
Staining God's sunlight with their ghastly glare ;
And now, with eager hands, the populace
Pile up against the gates wood, refuse, all,—
Whatever will best aid the hellish work.
And now they rise, the cruel, scathing flames,
Hissing and writhing with red serpent tongues ;
Upward they leap like living beasts of prey,
Eager to glut themselves with human blood.
Swift, and more swiftly, see, they climb the walls,
Wreathing, with fearful splendour, marble pillars
And massive archways, shedding o'er the scene
A lurid light of horror. He, meanwhile,
Attempts no more to speak, but silent stands,
Silent and scornful, with a strange admixture
Of indignation, grief, and pity, blended
With proud disdain upon his noble features.
No fear-blanchéd cheek, no quivering lip is there ;
Only a look of high and stern resolve
To die as he has lived, a sacrifice
To his ungrateful country. Faster now,
And faster still the greedy flames roll on :

He feels their burning breath upon his brow,
And knows that death, a fearful death is near,
Knows that his hour is come ; when lo, a struggle
Seems to convulse his frame. “Enough !” he cries,
“ Ye are unworthy of such sacrifice,
Ye race of dastard dogs, ye for whose sake
My life has been one long and thankless struggle,
Ye in whose cause this busy heart and brain
Have toiled and throbbed through years of adverse fortune,
Supported ever by that one bright dream,
The hope that I might yet have lived to see
Rome free and glorious, have beheld her so—
And died.—Ah ! nevermore—it may not be ;
That dream hath vanished, that bright hope is gone,
Quenched by your own degenerate hands.—Enough !
Let Rome e'en perish, for she wills it so ;
Rienzi yet is nobler than his country,
Worthy a better fate than thus to die
A victim to the mad, insensate passions
Of yon vile mob of slaves.—It shall not be.
One effort yet for life : your fiendish malice
Shall yet be disappointed of its prey.”
Hastily now he leaves the balcony,
And passing swiftly through the palace chambers,
Selects a menial garb, and, thus disguised,
Reaches the great gate of the Capitol.
Scarce has he reached it, when the ponderous mass,
Yielding at length to the devouring flames,
Falls to the earth with a loud thunder crash.

That obstacle removed, through fire and smoke,
The furious torrent rushes headlong in,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds, panting, eager,
Each one to be the first to bathe his fangs
In the rich life-blood of a noble heart.
Quickly, unknown, unrecognized by any,
Rienzi passes through the crowd, and now
Has gained, in safety, e'en the very foot
Of the great staircase of the Egyptian lion—
Spot, ever ominous of Death and woe.
But hope now kindles in Rienzi's breast,
He sees the life that, but a moment since,
He had deemed lost, once more within his grasp ;
A few more steps, and he will breathe again
The glorious air of Freedom ; but alas !
It may not be ; a hand has rudely grasped
The poor disguise, and Cola di Rienzi,
The Senator of Rome, stands now revealed,
Unarmed and helpless, in the maddened grasp
Of the infuriate mob, who throng around,
To feast their greedy eyes upon their victim.
Helpless, but still undaunted, see he turns
With haughty mien and gesture. "Yes," he cries,
"I am Rienzi, Tribune, Senator,
Saviour of Rome,—come on ye slaves, and show
Which of your dastard throng will be the first
To strike the chosen of the people ! who
Will dare to slay Rienzi !"—For one moment
A thrill of awe and fear seems to pervade

The raging multitude,—the next, a knife
Is seen to gleam an instant in the sunlight,
Then sheathe itself in the great, noble heart
Of Cola di Rienzi.

As he falls

One universal groan of horror breaks
From the awe-stricken thousands. Ay, 'tis well :
Groan now, and weep, and rend your very hearts,
For ne'er again shall Rome behold a man
Like him whose murdered corpse lies there, whose blood
Crimsons the earth, and seems to cry aloud
To heaven and earth to witness the foul deed
Wrought by the hands of his ungrateful people.
E'en as he falls, a piercing cry is heard
From yonder palace. The true-hearted Nina,
Escaping from the friendly arms of him
Who sought to bear her to a place of safety,
Has flown to share the fate of him she loved,
And reached the palace window at the moment
That sees Rienzi fall. Hers is the shriek
That breaks the momentary silence, lost,
The instant after, in the mighty roar
With which the glorious palace of the Cæsars
Falls to the earth, a smouldering heap of ruins.

And now, with trumpet flourish, and the sound
Of clanking armour, and of prancing steeds,
See, the proud banners of the tyrant nobles
Move through the streets of Rome ; the haughty lords,

Colonna, Orsini, Savelli, now
 In pride of power and insolent triumph, march
 Through the deserted gates of the doomed city,
 While the earth trembles 'neath the heavy tread
 Of hired barbarian troops.

And now, Rome!—Rome unworthy of the name,—
 Sleep out the dastard days thy sons have won;
 Sleep in the chains thy own base hands have forged,
 And hug thy fetters.—Fear not, they are strong!
 Were they not welded in the heart's best blood
 Of Cola di Rienzi?—But hereafter,
 When the gyves gall thy wincing flesh, and when,
 Roused for awhile by thy great agony,
 Thy coward soul shrieks at the entering steel,
 And thou shalt cry for help, while none shall answer,
 Shriek on, but hope not; writhe then, Rome, but hope not;
 Hope not: thy yoke is strong, the chain is sound,—
 Didst thou not weld it in *his* giant blood,
 The last true Roman,—Cola di Rienzi?

EPILOGUE.

RIENZI's voice is hushed; Rienzi's heart—
 The generous, the brave, erst beating high
 For Rome—only for Rome,—is still. The hand
 That wielded Rome's last patriot sword, and struck

So well for Liberty and her, lies cold,
Lies nerveless now—a little glorious dust :
Now Roman slaves creep where Rienzi trod,
Eking out pigmy lives where great Rienzi died.

Yet wait ;—men die not all ; e'en from the dust
Of heroes *men* may rise ; the soil that holds
Rienzi's ashes cannot all be clay.
Fabled it is that from a hero's blood
Laurels will spring,—it is a noble thought ;
And if the leaf, surely the brow to wear it
Heaven will yet provide : if not for Rome,
As Rome alone, yet for that greater Rome,
The Roman Italy.—Methinks I hear
Footsteps like his e'en now,—'tis true, 'tis true !—
Rienzi is not dead, where Garibaldi lives.



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.



SCHILLER.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

SHE comes, she comes ! the proud fleet of the South,
With stately step across the quivering sea,
With thunder roar from thousand cannons' mouth,
Comes, bearing chains and a new God for thee.
In dread array she moves, a floating host
Such as ne'er yet hath ploughed the ocean deep,
'Invincible' her name,—her galleys sweep
O'er trembling waves, toward thy doomèd coast ;
While terror-stricken Fame
Spreads far and wide her dreaded name.
Onward she sails in silent majesty ;
'Neath her weight Neptune bows his trembling form ;
Within her breast a world's calamity ;
Onward she sweeps, and hushed is every storm.

Against thee all this dread array,
Blest isle, proud sovereign of the deep !
'Gainst thee her threatening galleys sweep,
Great-hearted Britain ! Lo, the day

Of doom for thee and for thy freeborn race
While broods yon dark cloud on the water
Who gave thee sovereignty of sea and land?
Who won for thee the boon so glory-fraught
From thy proud kings wrung not thine own?
This fruit of a great nation's earnest thought
This glorious charter, which of kings hath made
But simple citizens,—of each man a king?
This seal of sovereignty, didst thou not wring
From tyrant lords, with thine own battle-blade
In those proud sea-fights which thy poets sing.

For these whom thank'st thou? Let Earth be
Whom, but thine own right hand and trust
See now yon dark fire-breathing monsters,
Thou hapless one, thy glory's doom draw near,
Sadness and grief pervade this earthly ball,
And every freeman's heart shall leap for fear
And all good, noble souls shall weep for thee,
Mourning thy glory's fall.

God, the Almighty, from His sovereign height
Saw that proud lion-flag, insulting, wave,
Saw, yawning at thy feet, the threatening
And spake: "Shall Albion perish in my sight?
Shall I, consenting, see my hero race,
Oppression's strongest foe, swept from the face?

Of mine own earth ; while haughty Tyranny
Sweeps down the last defence of Liberty ?
No ! this last dwelling-place of human worth,
 This Freedom's Paradise, no foe shall tread ! ”
God, the Almighty, sent his message forth,
“ Blew with His wind, and they were scatterèd.”

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

THE tempests howl through the old oak wood,
The storm-clouds swiftly fly ;
The maiden sits on the grassy bank,
While the night winds around her sigh.
The roar of the mighty restless deep,
Alone falls on her ear ;
Her sighs are borne on the midnight breeze,
And falls the trembling tear,
For her spirit with grief is moved.

“ My heart is dead with weariness,
No more has Earth to give
Of comfort for my fainting heart ;
Why should I longer live ?
Thou Holy One who reign’st above,
Call Thy child back to Thee ;
I have known all, yea, all of bliss,
That on this earth can be,
For I have lived and loved.”

“Vain are the tears the mourner sheds
O'er the dark and silent grave :
The dead awake not at sorrow's call :
Mortal, what wouldst thou have ?
Say, what can soothe the troubled soul,
When Youth and Hope are fled,
When the dear friends of bygone years
Are numbered with the dead,
And I will grant it thee.”

Nay, let the tears of the mourner flow,
Though they wake not the slumbering dead :
When joys are vanished, and loved ones gone,
And youth and hope are fled,
Then the sighs and tears that memory draws
From the sad and lonely heart,
With the fond regrets of the weary soul
That would fain from earth depart,
Can alone their comfort be.

TO EMMA.

FAR in the dark grey distance of the past,
Lies the lost happiness that once was mine ;
One fair star, gleaming through the darkling mist,
Lonely and far, seems still in love to shine.
But ah, too like that pale star's beauteous ray,
'Tis but a night-gleam fading swift away.

Beloved ! had death's long slumber closed thine eyes
I could have borne it,—then thy memory dear
I still might treasure in my heart of hearts,
Still, in my grief, might feel thy presence near.
But now thou livest, yet liv'st not for me,
Not for *my* love ; no, I am nought to thee.

Oh, Emma, tell me, can love fleeting be ?
Can time destroy such bliss as once was ours ?
Or can the sacred name of Love be given
To that which fadeth like the summer flowers ?
Oh, can it be that true love's heavenly flame
Must fade and vanish like an earthly gleam ?

THE PILGRIM.

'TWAS in life's bright gladsome morning,
That I left my father's home,
Childhood's sports, and young companions,
Through the untried world to roam.

Pilgrim-staff in hand, how gladly
Cast I all things else aside,
And with childlike, trustful spirit,
Journeyed through the world so wide.

For a mighty hope awakened
In my heart, that seemed to say,
" Journey on, the way is open,
Ever toward the rising day.

" Till a golden gate thou reachest ;
Enter in, there shalt thou see
Earth's gifts turn to heavenly blessings,
Fadeless joys awaiting thee."

Morning, noon, and night I wandered,
With no pause, no rest between,
Still for ever vainly seeking
The bright vision still unseen.

Giant hills and mighty rivers
Hemmed my way on every side,
Swift I bridged each yawning chasm,
And the torrent's rushing tide.

Lo, at length, a mighty river,
Eastward its dark waters glide ;
Dauntless leap I, fearing nothing,
Into the swift-flowing tide.

Onward to a spreading ocean—
Borne upon its heaving breast,
Vainly, through the dreary vastness,
Seek I still the wished-for rest.

Ah ! no path will lead us thither,
O'er that gulf there is no way,
And in vain the hand of mortal
Strives to grasp the far-away.

THE STRANGER MAIDEN.

ERST, in a lowly shepherd's vale,
At dawn of every opening year,
E'en with the first lark's first sweet song,
A wondrous maiden did appear.

No dweller she in that rude vale ;
None knew the land that gave her birth :
She came, she went, and left no trace,
So swiftly passed she from the earth.

A blessing followed on her steps,
Glad welcomes broke from every heart,
Yet a sweet dignity and grace
Marked her from all, as one apart.

Sweet flowers and fruit she with her bore,
Blossoms from strange lands far away,
Children of happier, sunnier climes,
Where life seems one long summer day.

She gave to all, with generous hand,
Of her sweet burden : Childhood gay,
Tottering old Age, and laughing Youth,
None empty-handed went away.

To all that came she gladly gave ;
But drew there near a loving pair,
For them she culled her choicest fruits,
And of her flowers the brightest there.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

Q

Oh, what heed I the joys of Spring !
 One form I seek in vain ;
That one, though near, yet ever far,
 Heeds not my spirit's pain.
Vainly I stretch my longing arms
 To clasp her image fair,—
The vision flies, and I am left
 In sad and lone despair.

Oh, come, thou sweet and winsome one,
 Come, leave thy lordly towers,
And I'll gather, and strew beneath thy feet,
 Spring's brightest, sweetest flowers.
List to the streamlet's ripple clear,
 And the birds in the echoing grove,
Space is there in the lowliest cot
 For happiness and love.

HÖLTY.

DEATH.

SAVIOUR, by Thy dying wounds, strengthen Thou my heart

In my last hour, when Thy voice calls me to depart ;
When Death stands beside my couch, and my cheek
grows pale,
While my fate, for weal or woe, trembles in the scale.

Shadows of my faults, depart ; darken not that hour
With the thought of sins that once o'er my soul had

power.

Then, o'ershadow me, O Peace, with thy soft still wings,
While my failing eyes grow dim to all earthly things.

Thou, my guardian spirit, come, from the heavenly
throne,

Bringing me the victor's crown when the strife is done ;

Waft around the breath of heaven with thy sacred palm,
Soothe, oh soothe my fainting soul with thine angel calm.

Through the trackless realms of light guide my upward way,
Toward that angel paradise of eternal day,
Where my mother's gentle soul long hath dwelt in peace,
There, O Guardian Spirit, there, let my wandering cease.

Where the brothers I have loved, clad in robes of light,
Sport amid the heavenly bowers, beautiful and bright ;
Beautiful and bright they stand, 'mid the angel throng,
Sweetly singing evermore their celestial song.

Spirits of the loved and lost, would I now could soar,
Free to join your angel band on the distant shore,
Free to kneel, e'en now, with you, round the Saviour's throne,
Singing praises, evermore, to the Eternal One.

TO THE MOON.

HERE, through these old familiar shades,
 How canst thou shine so bright and clear,
 Where he who loves thee once was blest
 With dreams so fleeting, yet so dear ?
 Veil, veil thy silver ray, and beam
 Softly, as though it glimmered here
 Upon the cold and faded wreath
 That decks a young bride's early bier.

As brightly, through this leafy grove,
 Thou glancest, as in days of yore,
 Yet those two glad young hearts shall stray
 Beneath its shade, ah ! nevermore.
 Dark fate hath made all desolate,
 Where her sweet presence used to be,
 And not e'en grief's most passionate tears
 Can call my darling back to me.

Yet, should her footsteps wander round
My resting-place in days to come,
Beam then, with sad and softened ray,
Upon the flowers that deck my tomb.
And it may be that she will weep,
And to her soft cheek fondly press
A rose plucked from my lonely grave,
In sad regretful tenderness.

TO LAURA,

BY THE DEATH-BED OF HER SISTER.

NEARER, draw nearer to the bed of death,
Where all that now remains
Of Lucy sleeps, her gentle spirit freed
From mortal chains.

Stay thy sad tears ! high on the heavenly throne
Doth her Redeemer dwell,
And she, so early blest, is with Him there :
Is it not well ?

And thou wilt think on this still, pallid face,
These tears shed o'er the dead,
When, 'mid the city's throng, in Pleasure's ways,
Thy feet shall tread.

Thoughts of her suffering shall turn thy heart
From earthly thoughts and ways,
And her last smile of faith shall lift thy soul
To heaven in love and praise.

THE VISION.

SAY, where art thou, sweet image of my dream,
Thou who didst stand beside me, bright and fair,
While in the garden bower I slept, and cull
The flowers that bloomed around to deck my hair?
Where art thou, vision, that in slumber's hour,
Didst shed upon my soul thy beauty's gleam,
And press my cheek with thy soft maiden hand?—
Where art thou gone, sweet image of my dream?

Sadly I seek thee now, belovèd one,
Alike beneath the village linden-tree,
Or 'mid the city's throng, but still, alas,
I seek in vain, for still I find not thee.
Each casement do I scan with eager gaze,
And, if a light veil flutter on the air,
With sudden hope I feel my bosom thrill,
But still in vain, beloved, thou art not there.

Come to me, with thy gentle angel face,
Return once more, sweet vision of the night,
Clad in the shepherd dress I loved so well
When first thy beauty gleamed upon my sight :
Come, with thy swan-white hand, belovèd one,
That gentle hand that o'er my heart holds sway,
The purple ribbon on thy maiden breast,
With violets sweet that in thy bosom lay.

Those glorious eyes of heaven's own azure tint,
In whose bright depths an angel seemed to dwell ;
That brow that then so kindly on me gleamed,
As lingeringly thou spak'st thy sad farewell ;
That dimpled mouth, the lurking-place of love ;
Those coral lips, where heavenly sweetness plays ;—
With these adorned, with all thy loveliness,
Return, sweet vision, to my longing gaze.

THE LIBERATED SLAVE.

THANK God, thank God, these free-born limbs
 Feel now no cankering chain,
No threatening foe beside me stands,
 As I toil in grief and pain.

God's own free heaven is o'er me spread ;
 All things are new to me ;
Sweet Freedom, thou art mine at length ;
 God ! I am free, am free !

Tyrant ! thy bark hath yielded now
 To the Christian's lightning flash ;
Thy doom of death was spoken aloud,
 In the voice of his thunder's crash.

There waved the victor's flag on high !
 There rose the victor's lay !
While bending 'neath his cruel chain,
 I toiled the livelong day.

Now flee I to my own dear Rhine,
Friendship and love to find,
Upon that peaceful shore, for which
My spirit long hath pined.

And as I quaff the blood-red wine,
A curse both loud and deep
I drink to those who free-born men
In slavish bondage keep,

And blessings on each noble man,
Whate'er his name or race,
Who Freedom's banner dares to raise,
Against the tyrant's face.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

CREATOR, whose mere word to countless worlds
 Hath instant being given ;
Who bind'st the brow of Morn with rosy wreaths,
 And, through the vault of heaven,

Guidest the sun's bright course, Thee all things praise !
 The flower-enamelled field,
The gold-bespangled heaven, calm-brooding o'er
 The earth, their praises yield.

Thy praise is murmured by the soft west wind,
 Rippling the corn's green waves ;
'Tis heard where the wild tempest, in its wrath,
 Through tossing oak-woods raves.

'Tis spoken in the thunder, flashed through heaven
 By the red lightning's gleam ;
The bursting clouds, whose floods bear death and ruin
 Upon their rushing stream,

Alike praise Thee. The snow-flakes, as they fall,
 Silvering the pines' dark grove ;
E'en the small titmouse, 'neath the sheltering eaves,—
 All things, speak of Thy love.

The whole wide earth is one glad song of praise,
 The flowers bloom in the vale
But for Thy glory, and for Thee the birds
 Sing through the forest dale.

Why, then, O man, dost thou alone sleep on
 In thankless apathy ?
Wake from thy slumber, rise, and praise thy God
 With joyful melody.

Praise Him when the shrill herald of the dawn
 Proclaims the morning light,
And when, upon the hills, eve's rosy tints
 Are deepening into night.

Praise Him when solemn Night, with her dark robe,
 The sleeping earth enshrouds,
And when the radiant stars beam, silver-bright,
 Athwart the rifted clouds.

For thee the young Spring crowns the earth with flowers,
 And the sun's fostering beam
Ripens the grape, whose bright juice cheers thy heart
 With generous flowing stream.

The rustling grove and murmuring streamlet speak
 Peace to thy troubled breast,
And choirs of birds pour forth their sweetest lays,
 To sing thy soul to rest.

Sing, then, thy Maker's praise, and honour him
 By virtuous deeds, which rise
More precious in His sight than incense clouds
 Upwreathing to the skies.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

HUSH ! not so loudly here pour forth thy sad
And love-lorn tale,
As 'mid the scented apple-bloom thou sitt'st,
Sweet Nightingale.
For thou hast waked love's pangs again with thy
Sweet warbling throat,
As through my heart, in quick response, doth thrill
Each melting note.

And sleep again deserts my weary couch ;
With tear-dimmed eye,
And pale, wan cheek, once more I gaze upon
The midnight sky.
Fly then, sweet bird, fly to the leafy shade
Of forest dale,
And, in thy nest, sing to thine own true love,
Sweet Nightingale.

THE EARLY GRAVES.

Oh, welcome, thou silvery moon,
Lovely, silent companion of night.
Fleest thou already? Stay, sweet friend of thought.
Ah! see, she stays—'twas but the clouds in flight.

There is nought but the wakening morn
That can vie with the soft summer night,
When, shaking dewdrops from his sunny locks,
He climbs the distant hills with purpling light.

The dark mosses creep o'er the stone
Where ye, my beloved ones, are laid;
How blest was I when erst with you I watched
Morn's rosy tints and evening's gathering shade.

CONFIRMATION HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LORD, 'midst Thy congregation,
Thy children, pledged to Thee,
Renew their solemn promise,
Thine evermore to be.
Yea, Father, they have pledged them
Thine evermore to be,
And, 'midst Thy congregation,
Joyful they worship Thee.

Low at Thy footstool kneeling,
They pray for strength's increase,
To tread, through life, the pathways
That lead to joy and peace.
Oh, may their footsteps ever
Be led to joy and peace ;
Grant them Thy Spirit, Father,
And give their strength increase.

Grant them Thy grace, that, ever
Mindful of this their vow,
Their deeds may seal the promise
Their lips have spoken now,—
Their lives may seal the promise,
The pledge they give Thee now.
Lord, by Thy grace, oh, keep them
Faithful to this their vow.

Then, in His name, go onward,
Upon your chosen way ;
On ! for His Spirit leads you
To realms of endless day.
Yea, lead them, Holy Spirit,
To realms of endless day.
Then, in God's name, press onward,
Fearless, upon your way.

STABAT MATER.

FROM THE LATIN.

STANDS the Mother, silent, weeping,
'Neath the Cross sad vigil keeping,
With her dying Son, her Lord.

See, she droops in mortal anguish ;
See her sorrowing spirit languish,
Pierced as with a two-edged sword.

Virgin, blest above all other,
Of pure Son the holy Mother,
See her mourn in anguish sore.

See her weeping, trembling, grieving,
For the pain beyond relieving,
Suffered by the Son she bore.

Whose the heart that could, unsharing,
See her thus her sorrow bearing ?
Who could let her weep alone ?

Would not all, with eager yearning,
Every heart with pity burning,
Watch with her beside her Son ?

For her race, her children erring,
Is He there, for them incurring
Bitter scorn and agony.

For them, with a love unshaken,
Hangs He there, lone, God-forsaken,
Dying on that cruel tree.

Virgin Mother, thou all loving,
Let thy grief, my spirit moving,
Teach me all thy woe to share ;

Teach me now to know my Saviour,
Him to love and serve for ever,
In my heart His image bear.

Let me feel each bitter trial,
Pain, and scorn, and base denial,
Borne by Christ the Crucified.

Let that form, the Cross upbearing,
And the crown of torture wearing,
Still within my heart abide.

Thus would I, till life is ending,
With thy tears my sorrow blending,
Mourn beside my suffering God,

With thee on sad Calvary kneeling,
Of thy griefs the anguish feeling ;
Nor faint 'neath affliction's rod.

Virgin, low I kneel before thee,
Turn not from me, I implore thee ;
Mary, let me weep with thee.

Let His image, bleeding, dying,
For me in that lone grave lying,
In my heart for ever be ;

Thus in all Thy sorrows sharing,
And Thy Cross, in spirit, bearing,
Jesus, Lord, for Thy dear love.

Mary, Mother, be thou near me,
In that day of judgment hear me,
Plead for me with Christ above.

That, His Cross my refuge making,
Of His saving grace partaking,
I may, with Him, heavenward rise.

Having shared on earth thy sadness,
May I share thy spirit's gladness,
In the realms of Paradise.

TO A WITHERED LEAF.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FROM thy stem thus rudely torn,
Fluttering, withered and forlorn,
Leaflet, whither goest thou ?
Ah ! I know not,—tempests bow
Low the oak-tree's stately form :
Torn from thence by wind and storm,
Wandering aimless on my way,
I pause not by night or day.
Now awhile I seem to rest
On the mountain's giddy crest,
Then a moment sees me laid
Gently on the sunny glade
In the tranquil vale below,—
But I rest not there, I go
Wheresoe'er the wild wind leads,
Rustling o'er the flowery meads,
Whirled across the trackless plain—
Yet I fear not, nor complain.

I but share the doom of all,
E'en as I the rose leaves fall,
And the victor's laurel wreath,—
All alike must yield to death.
All, however bright or fair,
Journey thus, they know not where.

THE END.

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